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OHIO.—THE RECENT TERRIBLE RAILROAD DISASTER NEAR REPUBLIC—SEARCHING THE RUINS OF THE WRECK FOR THE BODIES OF VICTIMS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. SPRAGUE.—SEE PAGE 576.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 15, 1887.

GOVERNOR HILL AND THE LABOR VOTE.

GOVERNOR HILL thinks it worth his while as a politician to throw to the Trades Union and Knights of Labor organizations several sops, some of which are harmless, and some are mischievous, but all are crude and ill-considered. It is not true that hours of labor in the world generally, or in the United States in particular, are shortening, nor is there any reason to believe they ever will shorten, or ever ought to shorten, whether from the invention of machinery or from any other cause. All wealth resolves itself ultimately into the means to command the services of others, and so expansive are our wants and the wants of all mankind, that as each new want is supplied with less effort than previously, twenty new and higher wants spring up in place of it.

The infinite elasticity of our wants is an undoubted truism in economics. But its necessary corollary is an exhaustless demand upon our energies. The class of men who are their own employers, especially during the first ten, fifteen or twenty years of their self-employment, work with all the force and nerve they possess, not merely eight, but twelve, fourteen, or even eighteen, hours a day. Some will say this is only until they get their business where it will run itself. But this is not usually true. When a man of enterprise gets any one business where it will run itself, he immediately adds another. When the two will run themselves, he takes on a third; and so on, until he is loaded up to his full capacity for the profitable expenditure of energy. This is Napoleonism; but Napoleon was simply the type of the energetic business man everywhere. As the tiger has just so much nervous energy to throw off, and if he cannot throw it off in that pursuit of game for which it is adapted, he will expend it in walking up and down behind his prison bars; so will human energy exhaust itself each day upon its work, its investigations, its recreations or its dissipations, in some form. It will not essentially shorten its hours of expenditure of effort.

The wages class do not average as many hours per day of work in the United States as the self-employing class. It is the love of ease and the desire to avoid the risks, harassments and worry of self-employment that chiefly keeps men in the wages class. At least this is the most prominent reason after the desire to spend their wages in various forms of enjoyment as fast as obtained.

There are very few of the wages class who do not at some time in their lives amass means enough to become their own employers in that small and insecure way in which self-employment, or "working on one's own account," must always begin. But they know that to slip out of an easy and apparently secure wages-earning place, into one in which they will be risking their own savings in employing themselves and others, involves probable loss and a great increase of care, strenuousness of effort and exertion.

Governor Hill himself, while recommending a shortening of the hours of labor for wage-workers, has risen to his present position only by lengthening his own hours of labor. He daily works twice as long as the period at which he proposes the Legislature should limit the toil of people who are still at the bottom of the ladder. There is certainly no logic in this, and we doubt if there is much sincerity.

The only road out of poverty is to become one's own employer. The only route to self-employment is by personal economy in expenditure and energy in effort. This implies doing as much of our work ourselves and hiring as little of it done by others as is consistent with our time and needs, and this implies long hours of labor to every one who seeks to get out of the thralldom of wages work into the freedom of working for profits on the labor-capital and skill of others. Hence the real road to shorter hours for every workman is longer hours. Governor Hill knows this perfectly. But it did not suit his interests as a politician to say what all business men know to be true. He preferred to cater to existing sentiment rather than to manufacture a more correct sentiment; to float with the tide rather than to turn the tide.

The Governor's recommendation of holidays as a cure for overwork has been tried in Catholic countries, especially in Spain, Italy and Austria. It is very much like increasing the number of the class who make a living by giving away other people's money as a cure for poverty. Indeed, the two policies naturally supplement each other. Wherever a great many days are solemnly dedicated to idleness, there will naturally be a great many persons trying to give away other people's means in the name of charity. Both policies tend to reduce a country to pauperism, and to make the pauperism universal.

If, as the Governor says, the wages of labor are too low, it can only be because too many men are competing against each other for work, and too few employers are competing against each other for the hire of work. Holidays will not remedy this. Holidays will diminish the aggregate earnings of society, but will not lessen the

competition of the wage-workers with each other. This can only be done by a large portion of the wage-workers becoming employers and working for profits instead of for wages. If wages are too low, it proves that there are too few profit-makers, and that the competition among them is not as great as it needs to be to make wages higher. How can an increasing number of wage-earners be induced to become profit-makers and enterprisers? Here a little good counsel might be valuable. The vast stored-up hoards which millions of these wage-earners are keeping in the savings-banks show that it is not for want of capital that they do not become profit-makers, but for want of enterprise, courage or foresight. These poor men keep clinging to salaried and wages positions after they get the means to do business on their own account, and our politicians commend them for their economy in lending their savings to the rich through the savings-banks, when they ought rather to tell them not to crowd the overcrowded ranks of wage-workers after they have obtained the capital with which to do business on their own account. If any one cause is keeping down wages below their proper level, it is the lack of enterprise of those who pile up their deposits in the savings-banks, when they have enough to use as capital both in employing themselves and others.

Governor Hill's recommendation that the punishment of boycotting be rendered impossible by removing all restraints on conspiracies to withdraw custom from a particular business is mischievous and mistaken.

Suppose all the depositors in the five leading banks of New York should conspire together to withdraw their deposits in one day from those five banks. Everybody knows it would precipitate a financial panic which would injure the business and stop the production of the country in a degree that would cost both the capital and the labor of the country thousands of millions of dollars. Yet the right of depositors to conspire together not to deposit in a particular bank is just as defensible, morally, as the alleged right of workmen to conspire together not to buy bread at a particular bakery. Have the gate-tenders on the Croton Aqueduct a right to conspire together not to let water come into New York city? Have the railroads and butchers a right to conspire together to withhold meat from New York city until the price goes up to one dollar a pound?

No, Governor Hill! You are a "mighty peert" and smart politician, but until you master the principles of economics a little more thoroughly, you had better not meddle with the laws against conspiracy and boycotting merely because you think the labor flag is in the breeze.

EDUCATION TO CITIZENSHIP.

THERE never was a time when the duty of educators was so clear as it is to-day. Whatever else the boys now at school will need to know, however much or little of practical utility in their future callings they will reap from the various studies they are now pursuing, one thing is certain: every one of them will, in a few years and through the remainder of their lives, need to understand what are the duties of citizenship, and to know how to perform them.

Such understanding and training has now become the business of school. In former days, when men pursued their daily toil under conditions other than those now existing, they very largely educated one another. Working together by twos and threes, or in larger companies, they read the newspapers and discussed together the events of the time, and the principles of government upon which they turned. Since the introduction of machinery, the system of work in factories, on railways, on farms, tends more and more to isolation; men have no adequate opportunities for discussion, and the mechanical and routine nature of their work discourages them from thought. The mind grows vacant and unfamiliar with action when the hands are busied with work which makes little or no demand upon the thinking powers.

A large majority of the next generation of citizens, if they have not been taught in school to know something of the essential principles of government, and something of the obligations of citizenship, will have no other opportunity to learn them. The danger to our institutions from such a mass of ignorance and irresponsibility will have become much greater thirty years hence than it is now. Whether it take place by slow and safe degrees, or by a sudden and disastrous upheaval, it is certain that we stand now upon the threshold of a reconstruction of the social order as important and as radical as was the extinction of the feudal system, or any other of the great social revolutions of history. Whether the change is to be made slowly and safely, or suddenly and with fell disaster, depends largely upon what the coming generations may know. The air is thick with theories of reconstruction and systems of change, from land nationalization and collectivism all the way down the declining scale through communism and anarchy and nihilism to absolute social wreck. There are not wanting able thinkers, cogent reasoners, plausible expounders of doctrine, in every one of these schools or sects; their arguments are simply unanswerable by the ignorant, and to the discontented they are as fascinating as they are dangerous. It is to the last degree necessary that every boy now in our public schools, and all those who are to follow them, should be so thoroughly well-grounded in the few fundamental principles of political economy and social science, that they will possess, in the very fabric of their mental equipment, a

standard by which to test the fallacy or the truth of the theories which will almost daily confront them. Other branches of learning may be useful or interesting or educating; this one is absolutely essential to their welfare and to the very existence of the State.

THE ENGLISH CABINET.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is Lord Salisbury's evil genius. While he was in the Cabinet he overshadowed his chief, and now that he has gone out, he has left the unfortunate Marquis struggling in the Slough of Despond.

Mr. Goschen has come to the rescue, and will, no doubt, make a very competent Chancellor of the Exchequer; but will he bring to the distracted Tory Government the reinforcements it really needs? Mr. Goschen is a Liberal, and to take him into the Cabinet is to confess that a Conservative could not be found for the place. As it is, he becomes master of the situation and reconstructs the Ministry after his own ideas, which, he declares, are in harmony with those of Salisbury's Cabinet. To show this, he selected for one portfolio Lord Northbrook, who resigned the Viceroyalty of India rather than carry out Lord Salisbury's Asiatic policy. That gentleman, however, wisely declined, and up to this writing no one has been selected in his place. The Conservatives now hope that the necessity of any further change may be averted. Some one they were obliged to have in the place of Lord Randolph, and now that Mr. Goschen has come in, they would be glad to say, with Charles X.: "There is nothing changed; only one Liberal-Unionist the more."

And, in truth, there is no change in the situation. The Ministry was from the beginning a Ministry of compromise and makeshift, and is exactly that to-day. Mr. Goschen brings it no strength, for strength comes of assimilation. Every Liberal or Liberal-Unionist taken into a Conservative Cabinet weakens it, as a tree is weakened by a foreign body in the trunk. The trunk is filled out, and is, to all appearance, healthy and sound, but when the strain comes and the tree snaps, every one sees where it was weak.

It is significant that, with all his efforts, Lord Salisbury finds no one man of first-rate capacity to help him. The men he has and the men he would like to have are equally respectable and ordinary; and, whether he himself sees it or not, England has need to-day of the best she can produce. Any captain will do in a Summer sea, but now the skies are black with coming tempest. It is not this that would frighten a real Conservative Ministry, such as England has often had in stormy times; but the distance is infinite between such a Ministry and the present one of shreds and patches—a Ministry thrown into spasms by the secession of a young man whose greatest gift is mere audacity.

Philip II.—not a lovely man, but a man of brains—used to say, "Time and I against any other two." Mr. Gladstone may well say the same thing. He has only to wait, with the vigilance and patience that come of long experience, and his hour will strike. The steadiness and patience and discipline that the Irish people have shown, and continue to show, in this prolonged struggle, would carry him through, were there no other forces working for him; and it is not wholly irrelevant to invite attention to the contrast between the steadiness of the Irish—Celts, if there are any—and the headless agitation of the English Tories, who invented for themselves the name Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Gladstone will live to see the triumph of the right, and it will be his triumph, so far as any great vindication can be attributed to one man. The upheaval that is coming in Europe will help the good cause in Ireland and England, and in every country of the Continent.

The English Tories offend the common sense of mankind, because they are the last organized body of feudalism in the world of freemen. They are an anachronism, and they die hard, but they are dying; and it will be worth the convulsion to annihilate their potent evil influence among men.

"CORNERING" HELD TO BE CRIMINAL.

AMONG the later devices in the commercial world for robbing the many in the interest of a few is that of making what is called a "corner" in some article of prime necessity which masses of people are forced to buy at whatever price may be asked for it. The conspirators, watchful of chances occurring in the exigencies of trade, buy, for instance, all that they can find in the market of some article of food or clothing, with the deliberate purpose of selling the same at a price arbitrarily fixed by themselves, and far in advance of that which would naturally rule but for such interference. In this way they disturb the orderly processes of trade, and force multitudes to buy of them at exorbitant rates. Sometimes a "corner" is made in wheat or flour, sometimes in whisky, but more generally in some article in less public demand. But whatever the article may be, the principle of the transaction is the same, and cannot be commended either on grounds of morality or of the public interest. There is, we apprehend, a general concurrence in the sentiment that "corner" makers are an unscrupulous tribe that deserve to be punished as criminals. Their crime may be difficult to define, and for that reason difficult of suppression; but we believe the people will yet

find a way of dealing with it effectually. They will not much longer quietly consent to be robbed in this fashion.

A decision lately rendered by Judge Daniels, of the Supreme Court of this State, brings the matter before us in a shape that is likely to attract wide attention. It seems that in 1880 a pool was formed in this city to make a "corner" in lard. The conspirators employed certain brokers here and in Chicago to purchase and sell the lard. These brokers defrauded their employers by fictitious purchases and sales. The brokers, being sued for an accounting, interposed the defense that the transactions were in the nature of gambling, and that the law would not force them to account. The lower court overruled this plea, directing the brokers to file a bill of particulars. The case was appealed to the General Term, and the decision of the court below was overruled, Judge Daniels pronouncing judgment. He holds that the defense interposed is valid, and that the law does not sanction this form of gambling. Combinations to keep articles of food or other necessities off the market, with a view of gaining a higher price for the same, are declared to be unlawful conspiracies, punishable as a crime. Where successfully carried out, the effect would be to impose an additional burden on the public. It is no less than respectable robbery, unsanctioned by law.

If Judge Daniels is right in his judgment, the various State Legislatures now, or soon to be, in session, should direct their attention to the subject, with the view to framing such statutes as are necessary for the punishment of this new crime.

PRACTICAL HELP FOR RAILROAD MEN.

THERE are over 600,000 men in this country who are directly engaged in railroad service. As a rule they are alert, bright and intelligent. They occupy positions of the greatest responsibility. Many of them hold in their hands the lives of thousands every day. Their duties are exacting, and they are subjected to a severe strain. In many cases they are obliged to keep irregular hours, and, meeting with all kinds of people as they do, they are peculiarly exposed to temptation. It has too often happened that these features of their lives have been ignored by corporations. Outside of the performance of duty, the welfare of these men has been counted a matter of no consequence. But a more humane conception of the relations between employers and employes has been gaining ground, and of this there was a happy illustration in a recent gathering at the Grand Central Depot in New York.

The occasion was the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Before this Branch was established, in 1875, a few railroad reading-rooms had been opened in the West, and yet it was said that the movement which set apart and furnished the room at the Grand Central Depot would not be successful. Nevertheless, while the average daily attendance in 1877 was 62, last year it was 178. In 1883 the number of sustaining members was 81; in 1886 its membership was 476. There are now five railroad reading-rooms in the city. Although in 1875 but four rooms were open in the entire country, to-day this railroad department of the Young Men's Christian Association exists at 66 railroad points. At about half the number, as here in New York, there are libraries, lunch and bath rooms, and educational classes, and lectures and entertainments are given. The instruction includes penmanship, stenography, the common English branches, Bible study, first aid to the injured, and mechanical drawing. Many of the employes have profited by this wholesome influence to the extent of totally reforming their lives and embracing religion.

These facts, as related by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and others at the recent celebration, carry their own moral, which was enforced with his usual mingling of sound sense and humor by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. "This republic of railroad men," he said, "refuses to be guided by the wild theories which come from the long-haired men who never work. I work fourteen hours a day, and my condition is better. I assure you that it is not true that in the railroad business the men who fill the high places are born into them. The business is a pure democracy. The men must grow from the bottom up." Mr. Depew told his hearers that success is achieved by hard work, whether for ten or sixteen hours a day; by sobriety, by temperance, by frugality, by saving, and by keeping off the tempter, the real personal devil, by constant occupation. His admirable address should be read as an antidote to current demagogism. The occasion emphasized his words, for this Association furnishes something useful to do in time of leisure, and healthful recreation as well. It counteracts the temptations of groggery and gambling saloons; it is a foretaste of a true and sympathetic relation between employers and employes; and such associations are indeed "insurance policies for the safety of the community, of property, of the State, and the Republic."

DÉCOLLETÉE.

THE French, with their usual coarseness, boil down the three words, low-necked dresses, into this one phrase, and it is a much better description of that style of evening dress which has been fashionable for one hundred and fifty years, but which just now seems to be made the war-cry of the clergy.

A woman's neck and arms are made beautiful, and there is no harm in showing them, as has been the practice in polite society since the days of Cunigonde, if the woman herself is modest, and has good taste. Nothing can be made more vulgar than a high-necked gown and bare arms, and we see, by looking at the pictures of Sir Peter Lely, that what is called the Pompadour style of dress can be made audacious in the extreme.

The true fashion of low neck and short sleeves, which obtained in the days when Victoria was a young bride, is as modest and as pretty a dress as any father could desire for his daughter. It is much more "dressed" for a dinner or a ball, the true décolletée, than any other style of dress. It has been the regulation court dress for years at the most formal courts. Women can only go to court in Italy, Russia, Germany and England, by special permission, in a high dress. There is neither impropriety nor the slightest suggestion of indecency in a dress well-fitted and properly cut décolletée; but there can always be an air of impropriety given by the wearer to any dress which is open at the throat, or, in fact, to one tightly closed, if the wearer is an undressed person. It is the woman, and not the fashion, which makes propriety or impropriety. We see that in any collection of pictures.

It is excessively bad taste in any woman to wear a dress cut too

low. Nothing can be so unbecoming, or so destructive of that idea of fascination, against which the preacher declaims. Fashions come and go like the snow and the rain—no man knows why or wherefore. If the preacher wishes to enforce morality, he must strike at the principle which should underlie the dress—the refinement of mind and taste, which is the secret of true womanhood. An ill-fitting garment on a modest woman may give her, innocently, an immodest air; but her native good sense will soon teach her to correct that; while those unsexed women who desire notoriety rather than fame, who wear unbecomingly low-cut dresses at the opera, bear their punishment with their sins; for no man admires them, however much he may be pleased with a dress which is properly décolletée.

"THE POOR ARE NOT GROWING POORER."

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, of Boston, is recognized as a political economist who has at once the learning of the *doctrinaire* and the common sense of the merchant and manufacturer. He has lately answered two important questions asked by Senator George, the chief of the National Bureau of Statistics. They are:

"First—How is wealth distributed in this country among the people—who are the classes who possess it?"

"Second—With respect to the increased value of agricultural lands—has this come mainly through the increase of population or from the intrinsic value of the land itself?"

The answers of Mr. Atkinson are worthy of general attention and careful reflection. He says that the productive capacity of factory labor to the individual is now from fifty to two hundred per cent. greater than in 1860; that inventions have increased the product and reduced the capital, advanced wages and lowered the aggregate cost of production, and that a dollar will buy more of the necessities of living than in 1860. In particular it is evident that the wages of the better mechanics have increased in somewhat the following relations: In 1860 the average daily wages of the skilled mechanic was \$1.56, in 1880, \$2.26, and in 1886, \$2.40. The same large increase maintains in respect to common laborers. They now receive as their annual wages \$450 instead of \$303 in 1860. The cost of materials has diminished as the wages have increased. In 1860 the earnings of the better mechanic would buy 1,572 parts of the necessities of life; in 1886 the earnings of the same man purchased not less than 2,400 parts. The wages of the common laborer have likewise advanced in their purchasing power from 980 parts to 1,261. In general the wage-earner having skilled capacity has increased his earning power in the twenty-five years from 30 to 100 per cent., and the common laborer has increased his earning power from 40 to 50 per cent.

It will comfort the laborer, as it has already given distress to the capitalist, to know that in this same period the income of capital has diminished in even larger proportions than the wage-power has increased. The capital which would earn \$100 a generation ago now earns only a quarter of this sum. Thus the common statement that the "rich are growing richer and the poor poorer" is, by the careful comparisons of Mr. Atkinson, proved to be false.

THE IRISH RENT QUESTION.

THE action of the British Government in "proclaiming" the Irish Plan of Campaign—the latest method of the Parnellites to reduce the rents—has not been crowned with entire success. In some instances the rents are collected at night, while in several parts of the South and West of Ireland offices have been secured by the rent trustees, and business is transacted as openly as in any banking establishment. Of 6,000 tenants holding land under Lord Dillon, all are reported to have given their rents to trustees except those who could not pay any rent at all. In many parts of the country, where the landlords refuse to allow the reduced rates (the reductions ranging from 25 to 30 per cent.), eviction notices are being prepared, the rents now in the hands of trustees having been due last November, and some of them last May. If those threatened evictions take place, there is scarcely a doubt that they will be attended with the usual resistance and consequent trouble.

In view of this complicated condition of affairs, it is obvious that the task of establishing peace in Ireland is by no means an easy one. But to render the task of the Government still more arduous, the Protestant tenant farmers of Ulster, the Loyalists, so-called, are also rising up against the landlords. They complain that while loyalty in Ulster brings but a 10 per cent. reduction of rent, agitation in other parts secures 30 per cent. reduction. They are therefore clamoring for reductions, which the landlords flatly refuse to grant, and the trustee system is threatened in the only part of Ireland where Lord Salisbury's Ministry could secure any appreciable amount of sympathy or support.

The landlords themselves seem to realize their position in the premises, and a number of them are said to be willing to sell out on easy terms. Lord Templemore has offered to sell his estate in Donegal at twenty years' purchase on a basis of the present rental. The Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, offers to sell his Irish estates to the tenants, but the terms are not mentioned. Three farms belonging to Mr. John Parnell, brother of the Irish leader, were sold recently in Armagh for 50 per cent. less than the sum at which they were valued three months ago, or before the inauguration of the trustee system. Obviously such conditions of society as exist in Ireland are not those calculated to induce prosperity in any country. How long they will continue must depend largely on the measures introduced by the Government after the opening of Parliament.

A CONTEST is in progress between the State officers of Virginia and the United States Courts, growing out of the efforts of the former to nullify the decision of the latter that the coupons of Virginia State bonds are a legal tender for taxes. The executive officers of the State desire to repudiate the bonds, thus defrauding the holders, and the Legislature at its last session passed an Act to reimburse the tax-collectors for the legal consequences of refusing to receive the coupons. Such legislation is clearly contrary to the United States Constitution—a new assertion of the old doctrine of State rights.

BEEF and mutton are probably as cheap in the United States, to-day, as they ever will be. The killing and dressing of the animals may be transferred from Chicago to the plains of Western Kansas and Nebraska and the foothills of Montana and Colorado, but when that happens, the cost of raising cattle and sheep will have increased, demand will be pressing harder upon the supply, and this will more than compensate for the reduction in the cost of marketing. But the time when the prices of fresh meats in our Eastern markets will be greatly advanced is still probably some distance in the future. While the best available cattle ranges and sheep-walks of the Far West are already occupied, and the owners of them are crowding each other in their struggles for access to the streams, the construction of new railroads and the abolition of large Indian reservations are constantly opening up new territory and

giving the grazing industry broad opportunities to expand. The surrender by the Blackfeet Indians of the greater part of their 11,000,000-acre reservation in Northern Montana will make available a vast territory of excellent grazing lands, upon which the ranchmen have been looking with longing eyes for many years. It is a well-watered country, once the home of immense herds of buffalo, which have now been killed or driven further north, and its occupation by the herdsmen will cause an almost immediate increase in the supply of beef and mutton from that great Territory.

THERE is a possibility that the River and Harbor Bill passed at the present session of Congress will be less extravagant than some of its predecessors. The report of the Engineering Bureau suggested that \$30,000,000 could be expended to advantage for the improvement of rivers and harbors; but the House Committee, evidently recognizing the popular opposition to wasteful expenditures in this direction, cut down this estimate to \$7,500,000, and it is believed that this is, approximately, the sum which will be finally agreed upon. As yet, nothing has been done towards securing proper seacoast defense.

AN order has been issued by the Reading Railroad Company forbidding any of its employees to drink intoxicating liquors during their hours of duty. The company might go a step further, and refuse to employ any one who ever uses intoxicating liquors as a beverage. The public have a right to demand, when they place their lives in the keeping of a railroad corporation, that the risk shall not be increased by the employment by it of men whose brains are fuddled with whisky or stupefied with beer. There are plenty of competent railroad men who, if required to choose between employment and the habitual use of liquor, will give up the latter without hesitation.

MR. GLADSTONE has definitely sanctioned the proposed conference of some of his followers with Mr. Chamberlain. The participants will consist of Lord Herschell, Mr. John Morley and Sir William Vernon Harcourt on one side, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir George Otto Trevelyan on the other, and while it is believed in some quarters that a basis will be agreed upon to which all Liberals can assent, many doubt whether any practical result will be reached. One report says that Mr. Gladstone is prepared to modify his Home Rule scheme with a view to conciliate the dissident Liberals, and is willing to confine the powers of the Irish legislative body to questions exclusively Irish, relegated to it; but this is likely to prove without warrant in fact.

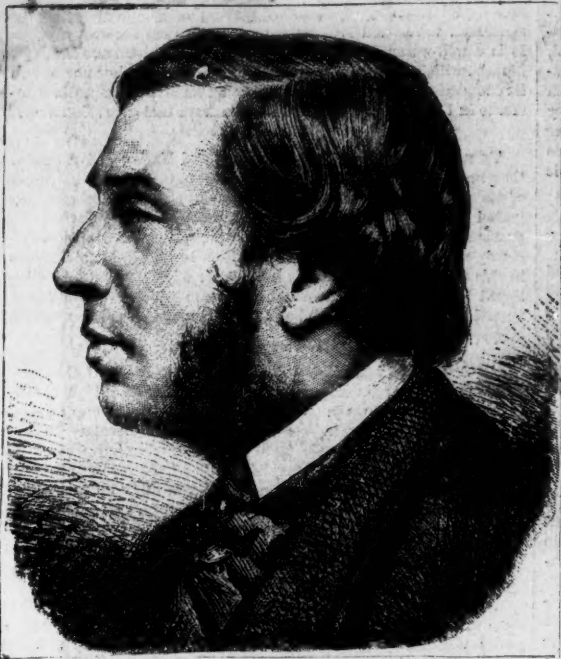
Among the measures to be considered by the New Jersey Legislature, this Winter, is one to regulate primary elections by placing the control of them in the hands of elective officers and throwing about them some of the safeguards that have been found necessary in the regular elections. Our system of choosing executive officers is imperfect at best. The successful candidate, instead of being the free choice of a majority of all the electors, is in any event only the favorite of a majority of the successful party, and is often put in nomination by a clique or "machine" that really represents only a small minority of that party. We are probably too much attached to our old customs to adopt at present any plan of minority representation; but may we not now, in every State, take the first step in electoral reform by devising means of making every elector feel that he has, or may have had, a voice in the choice of the candidate for whom he casts his vote when he goes to the polls?

THERE is nothing more provoking than the systematic suppression of the facts by railway officials whenever a great disaster occurs. The employees who refuse to talk, and do all in their power to conceal the facts, are not to blame, for they act under orders, and know that they place their positions in jeopardy if it is found out that they give information. If this policy of concealment is adopted to prevent inaccurate and exaggerated reports from being circulated, it certainly defeats its object, for the public is bound to have the news, and the newspapers are bound to supply it. The greater the obstacles thrown in the way of getting at the facts, the greater is the temptation for the reporter to draw upon his imagination to supply missing details and embellish those that are at hand. If an accident has been caused by criminal negligence, the cause cannot be concealed; if it is one which no human foresight could have prevented, the sooner the facts are published the better. Nothing is to be gained by concealment.

THERE was more legitimate gold and silver mining in the rocks and less in the stock exchanges, during the past year, than during any previous twelvemonth for a long time; and, as might be expected, those mines that are really worth anything, that ever pay dividends, have done better than ever before. The "wildcats" and played-out prospect holes, whose stock is worthless, and whose organization is preserved only to give habitual gamblers something to make their bets upon, have experienced their customary vicissitudes. Fifty-nine companies producing gold, silver, lead or copper, or two or more of these metals combined, have paid, in the last year, \$10,282,093, or about 9½ per cent. upon the present market value of their stocks. As the most of these mines are reported to be in good condition, with large reserves of ore in sight, this is a record that would not be discreditable to any kind of business. No one has any longer an excuse for being "bitten" in mining speculation. The facilities for obtaining the real facts about the condition of any property are such that no man need be deceived. If any investor does not avail himself of them, the fault is his own.

THE United States can supply the world with breadstuffs, there is no doubt about that; but can we do it in competition with the cheap labor of India? that is the question that is beginning to thrust itself upon our attention. During the thirteen years ending in 1872 Great Britain obtained from India only 1,004,731 bushels of wheat, or a little more than one-tenth of one per cent. of the entire amount imported; but in the thirteen years ending with 1885, the United Kingdom bought 123,659,192 bushels of Indian wheat, or about ten per cent. of its annual importation. And the amount is increasing year by year. The average price of wheat at Calcutta from 1878 to 1883 was eighty-five cents a bushel, and at Bombay, \$1.02. Heretofore American wheat has had an advantage in much cheaper rates of transportation, but even this is disappearing. Since 1880, freights from the chief grain-shipping ports of India to Liverpool have declined about one-half, so that the Aldrich Committee of the United States Senate, which has just completed its inquiry into this subject, predicts that the time is not far off when ocean freights from India to Liverpool will be about the same as from the United States to the same port. These are not cheerful facts to contemplate, but they show a state of affairs to which it will not be wise to close our eyes. The salvation of our own farmers will probably be found in the rapid development of our manufacturing, mining and commercial resources, calling for the consumption at home of a larger proportion of our grain product.

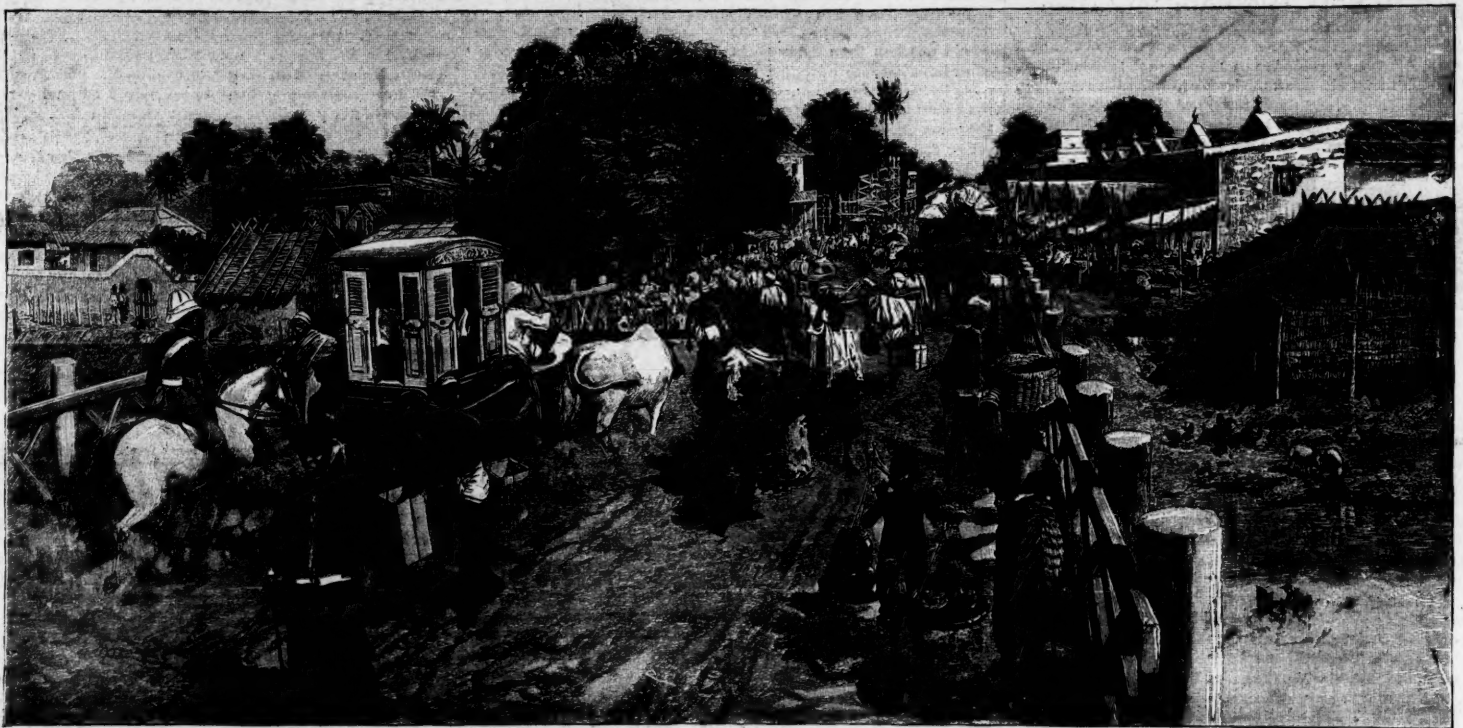
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 374.



GREAT BRITAIN.—HON. J. G. GOSCHEN, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



AFRICA.—MASSACRE OF A BOAT'S CREW OF THE FRENCH ADVISE-BOAT "PINGOIN," ON THE ADEN COAST.



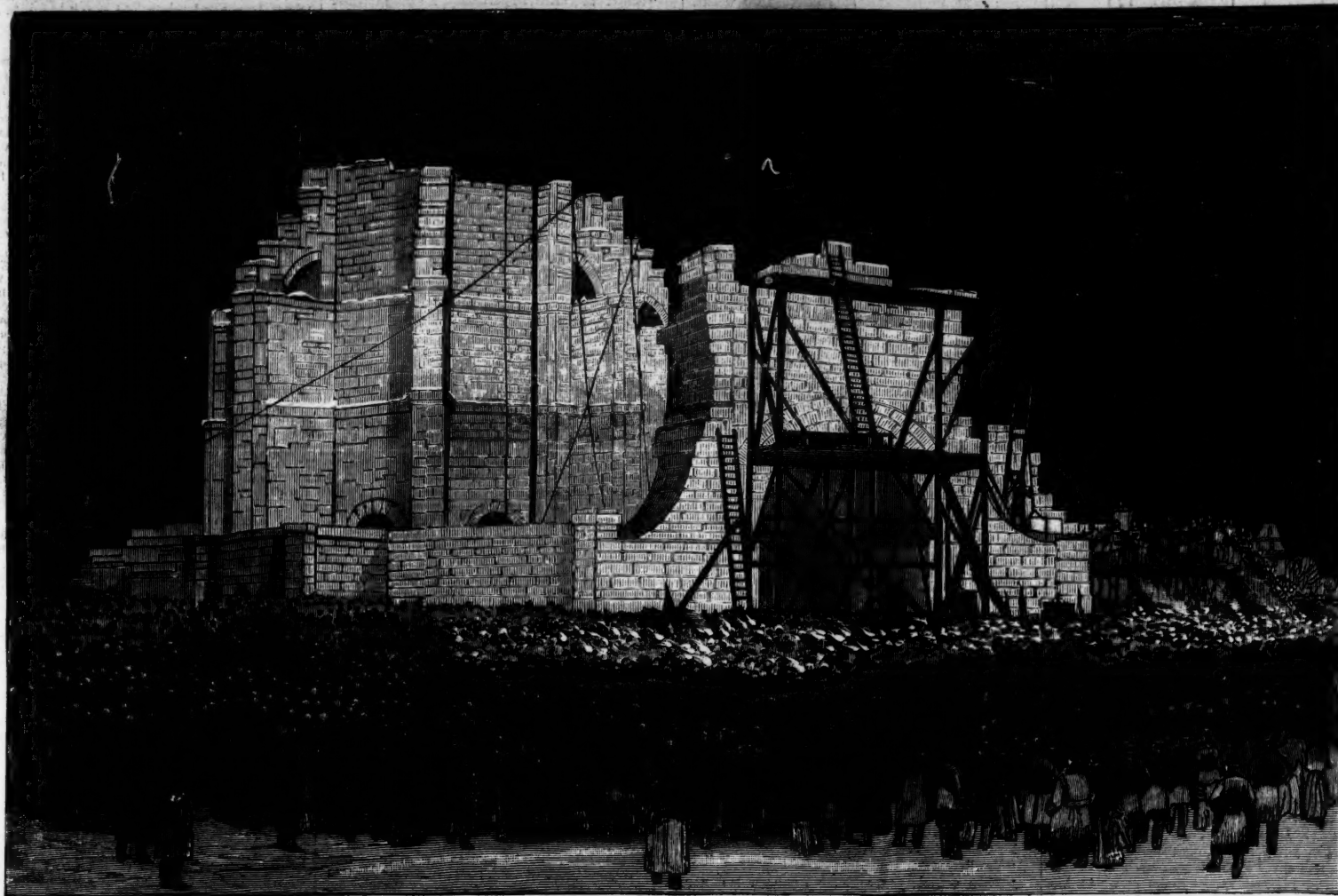
BURMAH.—THE MAIN STREET OF THE CITY OF MANDALAY, WITH THE "KING'S BAZAAR."



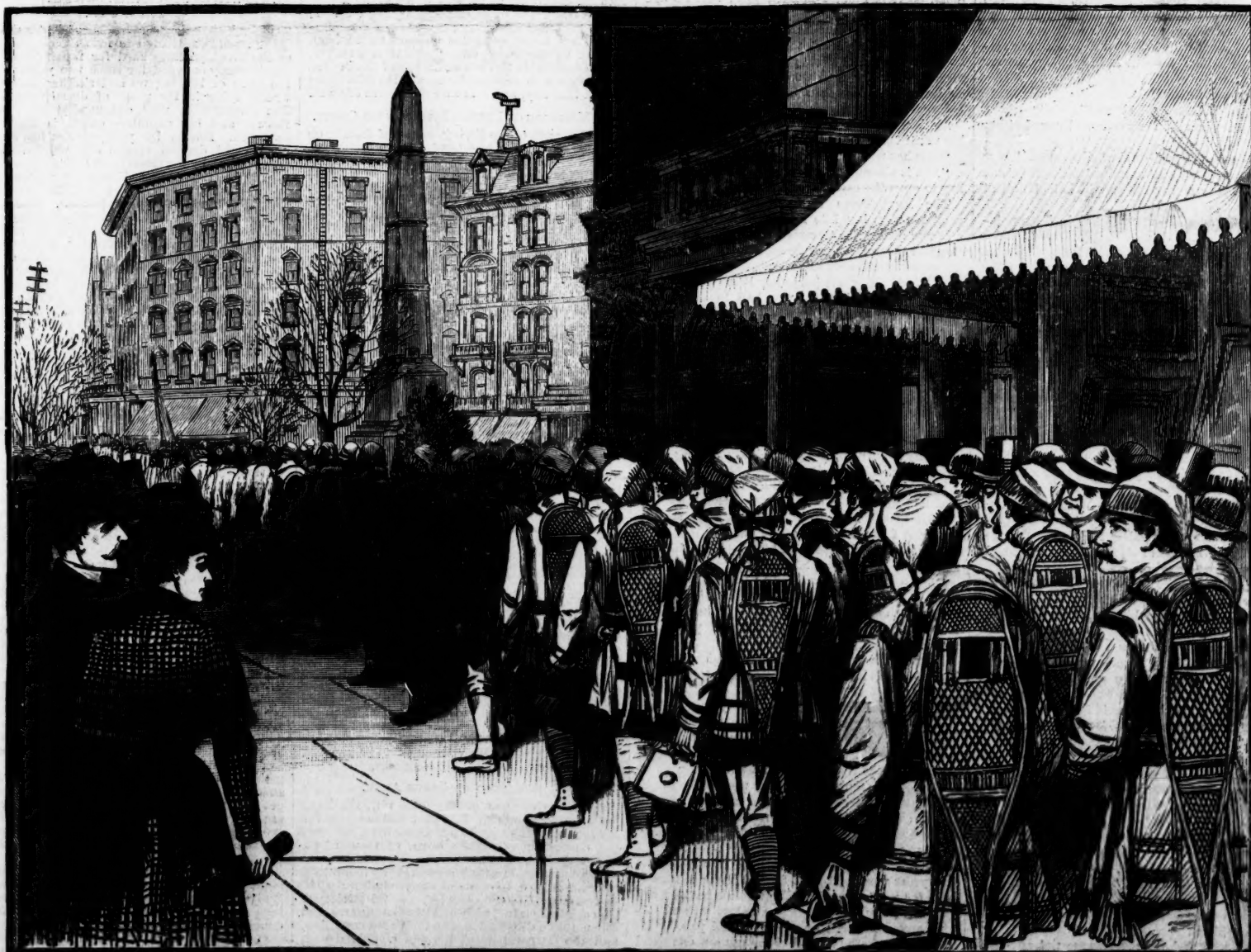
ENGLAND.—CHRISTENING THE INFANT SON OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG, AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



ENGLAND.—THE NEW STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.



MINNESOTA.—THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT ST. PAUL.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE ICE PALACE, JANUARY 3D.
PHOTO. BY INGERSOLL.—SEE PAGE 375.



NEW YORK CITY.—RECEPTION OF THE CANADIAN SNOWSHOE CLUBS, JANUARY 6TH.—THE GUESTS AND THEIR ESCORT PASSING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE,
NEAR TWENTY-SIXTH STREET.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 375.

AN ÆOLIAN STRING.

It had no tongue,
That bit of silken thread I strung
Between my window-sashes, where
It caught whatever breath of air
Strayed through the crevice, yet it sung.

As many keys
It had, as whim or wish the breeze.
At first, a murmur like the drone
One hears when past a bee has flown,
And then a hum like many bees.

Anon there blew
A strain, as had some dried through
Two oak-leaves held within his hand
Piped gayly, till it seemed a band
For grass-dances dancing in the dew.

Yet scarce could feet
Of fairy one swift measure beat,
Before outswelled a piteous strain,
A shriek of unexpected pain,
And sad was all that had been sweet.

I half believed
Not only voice it had that grieved,
But soul as well, a living sense
Apart from the wind's influence,
That knew, and felt, and was bereaved.

As frail a thing,
As quick to sigh and quick to sing,
Art thou, my heart—(alas! so much
To thee Love's lightest breath or touch)—
As this small span of silken string.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

"ONE THAT WAS A WOMAN, SIR."

BY ANNABEL B. WHITE.

THE light in the parlor was dim, but not so dim that Ralph Essen could not see the look of fixed agony that Francia Randolph cast upon him. Her face was white and drawn, her blue eyes were distended with a kind of horror, her tensely clasped hands were held out to him in mute appeal. But he went on, in his cold, unsympathetic voice:

"I have borne with your jealous outbursts as long and as patiently as I can. By your insane attack upon me to-day you have broken the last link that binds us together. I take my freedom, and I give you yours."

"Rolph, you do not mean it! Take back your cruel words! I do not want my freedom, and I shall not give you yours. Only promise to forgive me, and I will never so offend you again!"

She fell at his feet abjectly, she clung to his knees with trembling hands, she lifted her streaming eyes to the cold face above her. He was not a brutal man, but there seemed something brutal in the way he took her hands from his knees and firmly laid them by her side.

"It is useless to appeal to me, for your treatment of me has wearied patience and worn out love. We had better part to-day than link our lives together and separate afterwards, creating a scandal. Now it will simply be a broken engagement, from which we will both quickly recover without scars."

Francia rose to her feet.

"You think that—and of me?"

He leaned back in his chair and gazed at her almost insolently.

"I think that of you—and of all women. There was never yet one who remained faithful to one love. In a year from now we will both laugh at our present position."

"You may, but I—never! Rolph, I cannot—cannot give you up! Say that you can forgive me! Say that I shall be your wife! Oh, don't you know, dear, if I were your wife I should never feel jealousy again? Don't you know I would serve you on my knees—that I would be your slave?"

She approached him once more, leaning upon his shoulder with one hand, and peering into his impassive face with eyes whose expression he dared not read. He shook off her touch impatiently and rose.

"I might as well go now and end it. I shall leave the city to-night, so it will not be worth while for you to try to persecute me with insane letters. I shall not get them."

He picked up his hat and began fingering it uneasily, as if to avoid her passionate eyes. But she had grown suddenly calm. She said no word as he moved towards the door. When he arrived there he stopped.

"Will you not say good-by?"

She crossed the room swiftly, and struck fiercely at his outstretched palm.

"No; I will not say good-by! Hear me for the last time! I have loved you long and well. It may be that this parting will kill me, and so I wish to tell you that you have done ill to withdraw your heart from me, supposing you ever gave it to me. You have done ill to permit my worship—such worship as few women can give to fewer men. Never again will you be loved as I have loved you; never again will you have such faith given you as I have bestowed upon you. Never, never again!"

He opened and closed the door rapidly after his retreating form. She moved sluggishly across the room, and fell like a clod upon a sofa.

"Never, never again!"

She repeated the words despairingly, with her lids closed tightly over her hot eyes, and her hands thrown rigidly above her head.

"It cannot be that he is gone for ever! It cannot be that he means what he says! It cannot be that I am never to be his wife! Love, come back to me! Love, forgive me!"

But vain were her imploring words; vain were her beseechings.

If only love and friendship were not one-sided things!

She rose and paced the room feverishly.

"My God, be merciful! Turn his heart back to me! I cannot bear it! I will be so good and patient with him! I will do anything that he wishes, only bring him back to me!"

So she prayed, this girl who believed in God and man, who had faith in love and friendship.

The days passed and lengthened into weeks. There came no word nor sign from Francia's recreant lover. She had to tell her father and mother that the engagement which had existed between her and Rolph Essen was at an end. She gave no explanation, and they asked for none. Suddenly brain fever fell upon her, and her life hung in the balance for weeks.

When health and consciousness returned to her, girlhood lay behind her. She was trying to gather up her broken hopes, her dead youth and slain faith, and weave them into a comely garment which she might wear decorously before a critical world. All her friends now knew that her engagement was "off," and she seemed to feel the pity, the sympathy and the mockery which were showered upon her—behind her back.

Two years went by, and Francia Randolph was twenty-three. Her mother had the bad taste to give her a birthday *fête*. The bad taste—we write advisedly—for where is the woman who likes to be reminded of her age, even if she still be young? But to Francia it mattered little, for youth seemed to lie far behind her, and the snows of sixty years seemed to freeze her heart.

"Francia, pray allow me to control your taste in selecting your dress to-night. You will never marry if you do not try to throw more animation into your manner and more girlish gayety into your dress. You dress like a nun, except at such times as I insist upon the contrary."

"You may order any style of dress you choose, mother, and I will wear it; but if you think I shall strive for the admiration of men, you forget. You must know that I shall never marry."

Mrs. Randolph sighed:

"I think you are foolish to let your broken engagement with Rolph Essen influence your future."

"It does not. Such natures as mine love but once, and—then she bit her lip to control further speech.

"By-the-way, I hear he has returned. I hope you can meet him without making a scene. You know your weakness."

Francia's lip curled scornfully, then she looked steadily at her mother, who shifted her eyes uneasily.

"My weakness, then, is that I love him. Is that what you mean, mother?"

Mrs. Randolph responded faintly:

"Yes."

"Then console yourself, for I neither love nor hate him."

Mrs. Randolph said no more, but left the room with a feeling of vague uneasiness.

"If she would only forget the man! How can I tell whether she loves him or not? How can I tell how she will meet him? But meet him she must, poor, passionate-hearted girl! and no one can sustain her."

The birthday *fête* passed off successfully. Francia was lovely in garnet velvet and cream satin, and her arms and neck gleamed like pink-tinted marble; but her face wore its usual statuesque coldness—the coldness that had only become habitual since her recovery from her illness.

An English gentleman was much attracted by her great beauty, but her frigidity repelled him.

"She has no soul. She freezes me."

"She is all soul. You do not possess the magic key to open the caskey," said a friend.

The Englishman assented indifferently, and went his way; but fate had marked him.

It was during the Summer, while the Randolph family were residing at their country home, that Francia met the man whom she had once so madly worshiped. He came purposely to see her.

"I supposed, Francia, you had heard of my arrival, and I thought I owed it to you to see you once more," he said, as she entered the room and he rose to greet her.

"Why?" she asked, looking not at him, but at his card which she had brought with her. She did not take the hand he held out to her. Man of the world that he was, he seemed to become confused at her simple query.

"My reason should be plain to you."

"Why?" she asked again, slowly tearing into bits the card in her hand.

He shifted his position, then came up to her and laid his fingers on her destructive ones.

"Sit down. It is ridiculous for us to go on this way, and I have much to say to you."

She freed her hand from his trembling fingers, and for the first time lifted her eyes to his.

"I cannot understand what you could possibly have to say to me that would sufficiently interest me to such an extent that I should be kept standing long. Do you sit down, but I prefer to stand."

He wet his dry lips, and at first his voice was husky, but as he proceeded, it became clearer and stronger.

"Francia, I have come to beg your pardon. You would not give me my freedom when I asked, or, rather, took it, and now I am glad that you did not. I thought I was tired of your love—I thought I could easily forget you. I went so far as to make love to Genie Benard, the woman for whose sake you so bitterly upbraided me the day we parted; but she laughed at me, and then I knew how I had wronged you. I would have gone back to you then, but pride was stronger than love. I went abroad, meaning to return in a year, but two years went by before I could decide what was best for me to do. Now I have come back—I ask you to be my wife—I ask you to love me and forgive any suffering I may have caused you."

He went closer to her, but she put out one hand imperatively. In the other hand, the tiny bits of his visiting card lay in a confused mass.

"Do you think you could piece together this card and make it as spotless, as brilliant, as perfect, as it was one hour ago?" she asked.

His hand closed spasmodically over hers.

"Francia, do not torture me—do not be cruel! I know that you love me—"

"Stop!" she cried, imperiously, flinging out her hand and scattering the torn card in a white shower over the floor. "Now I must speak plainly. Just as impossible as it is for you to restore the bloom to the grape which you have handled too roughly, just as impossible is it for me to love you. Once I would have given my life for you—once I would have been your slave for sweet love's sake. But you outraged my love, and turned my worship to indifference, which is more to be feared than hate. I gave you all—and lost it! And now I have nothing to give you, or any man. Despair has darkened my soul, slain my youth, killed joy, and hope, and faith! Never again will I love! Never again will woman love you as I did; but you threw it away—you trampled it under your feet as if it were something too base for use! And now you stoop to regain it, and I tell you it is too late, too late!"

Slowly turning, she left him. He stood with his head bent upon his hand for a moment, then he too, left the room.

Too late, for ever too late to win the priceless boon of this "one that was a woman, sir."

Five years afterwards Francia Randolph married the Englishman, Frederick Leigh—he who had said she had no soul. She told him she had no love to give him, or any other man.

"I would rather have your toleration than any other woman's love," he protested.

But she was not glad at his answer, for it seemed indeed as if she had lost the power to feel.

But as the years passed, her tender affection for her husband became a wonderful thing. If she had lost love, she had gained broader virtue.

Who is it that has said, "Love is best of all"? How little he knew!

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

MR. GOSCHEN IN THE BRITISH CABINET.

THE Hon. J. G. Goschen, a Liberal-Unionist of Conservative tendencies, has accepted the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the British Cabinet, left vacant by the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill. Mr. Goschen obtains control of appointments, but the leadership of the party in the House devolves upon Mr. W. H. Smith, the First Lord of the Treasury. Lord Salisbury hopes, through the influence of Mr. Goschen with the Liberal-Unionists, to secure the indispensable support of that body, and to make the Tory Ministry as strong as before Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation. The general reconstruction of the Cabinet now in progress proves a difficult matter. Lord Northbrook has declined a place. The Marquis of Lansdowne, whom Lord Salisbury is said to have urged to accept an office, refuses to abruptly relinquish his official duties as Governor-general of Canada. The Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, at present Colonial Secretary, has accepted the office of Secretary for War. It is expected that Lord Salisbury will make no further effort to complete his Cabinet with Whigs, but will fill the vacant offices with Conservatives. The Conservative Council of Liverpool has invited Mr. Goschen to contest the vacant Parliamentary seat in that city, and it is thought he will consent.

THE MASSACRE OF FRENCH SAILORS NEAR OBOCK.

To the south of the French colony of Obock, on the African coast of the Gulf of Aden, below the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, is a verdurous valley called Khor-Ambadu. The attraction of this valley for the Europeans led to the massacre, in the latter part of November last, depicted in an engraving which we obtain from a French source. The advice-boat *Pingoin*, with the Commandant of Obock on board, having anchored off Khor-Ambadu, a party of eight sailors and five negroes, commanded by an officer, went ashore for fresh water. No suspicion of trouble was entertained, until the negroes came swimming back to the ship in great terror, and reported a sanguinary encounter with a large band of Issas, or Aissas, a nomadic tribe of the Comalis, who inhabit the plateaux along the coast. An armed force being sent ashore, the savages fled, leaving on the sands the dead bodies of the eight French sailors, horribly mutilated with knives, spears and clubs. Later advices from Aden say that the French commander has captured the ringleaders in the massacre.

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.

On Saturday, the 18th ult., the christening of the infant son of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg (Princess Beatrice) took place in the White Drawing Room of Windsor Castle. The sponsors were Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alexander of Hesse, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, and Princess Irene of Hesse. After the royal party—which, besides Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, included the Princesses of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duchess of Albany, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Princess Margaret, and Prince Arthur of Connaught—had taken their seats, the choristers of St. George's Chapel sang a hymn. The lords-in-waiting next conducted into the drawing-room the infant Prince, who was carried by the nurse, and wore the christening robe worn on so many occasions by members of the royal family. The Dean of Windsor then commenced the prayer, and the Hon. Lady Bidolph, lady-in-waiting to the Princess Beatrice, placed the child in the arms of the Queen, who handed him to the Dean of Windsor. Her Majesty named him Prince Alexander Albert, and received him from the Dean after the ceremony.

THE STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE.

On the afternoon of the 15th ult., the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Reginald Hanson), on the invitation of the City Lands Committee, unveiled the new statue of Queen Anne, in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. The monument, which is in Sicilian marble, is a replica of that erected in 1712 by Francis Bird, an eminent sculptor of the period, to commemorate the completion of the cathedral. The original statue, with its attendant figures, had fallen into a dilapidated and mutilated condition, and the Corporation of London conferred with the trustees of the fabric of St. Paul's, and decided to erect a replica of the entire group. The work was entrusted to Messrs. Mowlem, Burt and Freeman. Mr. Belt, the sculptor, modeled the features and part of the costume of the Queen. The Lord Mayor unveiled the replica to the accompaniment of a neat speech, the conclusion of which was as follows:

"It is singularly appropriate that the monument should be unveiled in the Jubilee year of another illustrious Sovereign Lady, during whose beneficent reign the Church has done such vast work."

THE MAIN STREET OF MANDALAY.

Our engraving presents a view of the principal street of the outer town of Mandalay, the Burmese capital, as distinguished from the inclosed inner precinct formerly sacred to royalty. It is a road 100 feet wide, planted here and there with young trees, and to the right hand, in the background, are the walls of the King's Bazaar, outside which are stalls and booths, for various petty native trades. "The streets," writes Mr. J. G. Scott (Shway Yoe), in his entertaining volume on Burmah, "are a curious study; there is an extraordinary variety of nationalities to be seen constantly in Mandalay. Every here and there one comes across a band of Shans, tall, stalwart men, very Chinese in feature, wearing usually nothing but baggy blue trousers, and tattooed from the waist down to the ankles. Occasionally, though much more rarely of late years, one meets a Kachyen hill-chieftain, with his train of ragged followers, slight but wiry in figure, with aquiline noses and fierce, shifty eyes, as different as possible from the thick-set, open-faced Burman. There are parties of Arakanese, come over the hills to worship at the most holy Arakan Pagoda, with its famous brass Gautama Buddha; there are Chins, from the western hills, with hair gathered up in a knot over the forehead, and often with no more clothing than a small handkerchief—the women, whose faces are tattooed all over, dressed in short skirts and waistcloths; there is a Chaw or two, the men with their foreheads shaved, the women with hair plaited in two tails and brought up round the forehead like a coronal; there are Shandows, worshippers of the Sun and Moon; Karens, in long blouses with embroidery marking their tribe; Khamis and Mros from the north hill tracts, with scanty beards and oblique eyes; and the Paloung, who has come down with his bamboo raft laden with pickled tea. There are Chinese traders, smooth-shaven and prosperous, whether big and raw-boned from Yunnan and Su-chuen, or plump Baba-Babas from Rangoon and the Straits, brought up on British territory; and the Mogul trader, with his red-dyed beard, his solemn face, and his cunning, that of a Jew plus an Armenian plus a Greek, yet only just able to hold his own with the Chinaman. It was a town of violent contrasts, Mandalay: the silk-clad Chinaman elbowing the almost naked Chin; the mendicant of the Sacred Order of the Yellow Robe looking with pity on the grim-visaged Mogul who could buy up half the town; the haughty Minister preceded by his shrieking lictor; the cashiered French officer, with a favorite spittoon-bearer. Alongside of holy, yellow-robed, shaven-headed monks thronged gamblers, thieves, broken agriculturists, military bullies, and hangers-on of the great men about the court; not a few of these were Europeans, runaways from ships in Rangoon Harbor, or from justice, ready to do anything but honest work." It is now the hope of the British that, in another year or two, Mandalay will be one of their most popular garrison stations in Burmah.

BLOWING UP OCEAN WRECKS AND DERELICTS.

THE rakish, cutter-shaped United States steamer *Despatch*, recently run into the ship-hospital of the Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs, has been continuously engaged for some two years past in the work of blowing up and sinking dangerous wrecks lying in the paths of ocean navigation. The *Despatch* is now commanded by Captain Emory, and her executive officer is Robert P. Schwerin. During the past year she has annihilated eight derelict vessels and wrecks. When ordered out by the Government, she takes a supply of electric lights and empty torpedoes, then goes to Ellis Island, in New York Bay, for 1,200 to 2,000 pounds of torpedo-powder. The torpedoes are loaded, and the electric wires and compasses tested. The next thing is to find the wreck, and this usually requires a great deal of cruising and hunting. Sometimes only a spar or two remains above water, and looking for this in mid-ocean is like seeking a needle in a haystack. Sometimes in a single day the same wreck will be reported by two or three different incoming vessels, at points varying forty miles each way. Men are stationed on the *Despatch* at all lookout points regarding the man who first sights the wreck. This once sighted, the *Despatch* is stopped, the boats are ordered manned, the crews piped, the torpedoes and wires put aboard and then lowered. In one boat are the torpedoes, in charge of a lieutenant. In the other boat Executive Officer Schwerin takes charge of the blowing-up apparatus.

The torpedoes are of iron, and weigh about 365 pounds when filled, each containing from 100 to 150 pounds of torpedo-powder. They are fired off by an electric fuse of the ordinary fulminating quality. In each of the boats is a water telescope, a large tin cube about four feet long, with a heavy plate-glass bottom. This is lowered below the wave circle, and the officers then can distinctly see the exact position of the wreck. This is of the utmost importance, as should only one spar be blown up they would be obliged to hunt all over for the wreck. The placing of chain-anchors and torpedoes, especially in a heavy sea, is one of the most difficult duties the ship's crew have to contend with. A loaded torpedo is a very difficult thing to handle, and often in a rough sea, when being launched, will crash into the sides of the boat, when it becomes necessary, to prevent the boat sinking, for all on board to jump forward and stop the leak. A torpedo cannot be thrown over quickly on account of the wires being fouled. It has to be carefully slid down a spar. Sometimes two or three are connected, and to avoid their getting mixed, it is frequently necessary for a sailor to dive with them several feet, so as to get free passage down. As soon as the torpedoes are placed, the boats are moved off to a safe distance and the torpedoes exploded by a Farmer's dynamo machine, a work requiring the greatest precaution.

Sometimes it is necessary to use as many as eight or ten torpedoes to totally destroy a wreck. Buoys are then placed over the spot, and soundings made until it is certain there is no existing danger to navigation.

The *Despatch* has done admirable work in this field; but it is far too wide for her to cover alone. The suggestion is made that the Government select a powerful ocean tug like the *Intrepid*, to be thoroughly equipped and detailed for the service of blowing up derelicts. Many a serious loss to merchant vessels could be avoided should such a service be at once established.

According to the monthly pilot chart of the North Atlantic Ocean, issued by the Hydrographic Office, there are still a great number of icebergs floating about, though few are in the direct track of transatlantic steamships. The British bark *Roseland Hill* and American schooner *Ida Frances* are still an eyecore, to navigators bound to the south-east, on the route usually taken by European steamers. The *Roseland Hill* was abandoned in "a sinking condition" on February 27th last, and up to November 12th floated aimlessly about for a distance of nearly 2,000 miles. The *Ida Frances* was deserted on March 16th, and seen, according to the latest report of incoming vessels, on December 9th. She had drifted in that time about 1,500 miles. The *Melton* was left on February 27th, and up to October 3d had traveled without aid over 1,600 miles.

THE ICE PALACE OF ST. PAUL, MINN.

WE give on page 373 an illustration of the corner-stone laying of the Ice Palace at St. Paul, Minn., on the night of the 3d inst. The occasion was a brilliant one, a large number of clubs, with torches, participating in the demonstration, and a vast concourse of people enjoying the fine spectacular effects. The corner-stone (or block) was laid by a lady's hand, and the ceremony passed off most successfully in every respect. The Ice Palace, when completed, will be larger and more picturesque than any previous similar structure. The plan is an irregular square, inclosing an area of some 14,000 feet, entirely clear, open to the sky. From each angle of the square a tower rises, that on the southwestern corner being a reduced copy of the great tower at Windsor Castle. It is to be provided with a circular staircase in ice, leading to a parapet commanding a fine view. A height of 102 feet will be attained by the principal tower at the northwestern angle. The tower on the eastern angle will rise to a height of eighty feet, and be placed diagonally to the wall. At the northern angle will be a fourth tower, thirty-two feet square and fifty feet high. Curtain walls with loopholes and battlements connect towers and turrets together. Special provision has been made in the design for effective aid to electric illumination and pyrotechnics.

CANADIAN SNOWSHOERS IN NEW YORK.

HAD there been plenty of snow and an Arctic blizzard in New York on January 6th, certain streets and public places of the city might have been mistaken for Montreal, Canada. Three or four hundred sturdy, red-cheeked French-Canadians, clad in brilliant-colored blanket suits of wool, with *toques* on their heads, moccasins on their feet, and snowshoes slung over their backs, circulated *en masse* through the Central Park, Fifth Avenue, Broadway, the Exchanges, etc., to the astonishment and delight of the populace. The picturesque visitors were members of nearly a score of Snowshoe Clubs of Montreal, Quebec, Three Rivers, and other towns of Canada, and Troy, N. Y. Le Canadien, of Montreal, had the largest representation. The company included members of the following organizations: *Montreal*—Montreal, St. George, Emerald, Le Trappeur, Argyle, Crescent, Gordon, St. Charles, Garrison Artillery, Prince of Wales, Royal Scots, Hawthorne, Royal, Hally, Lachine, Lilac, Etoile, Le Chasseur, Le Canadien of St. Henri, and Lansdowne Toboggan Clubs. *Quebec*—Quebec, Anora, Waverley, Emerald, Le Canadien, Levis, Voltigeurs, Union Commerciale, Montagnais, Huron, Jacques Cartier, Frontenac, and the Clubs Le Canadien, of Sorel; Iroquois, of Troy, N. Y.; Le Trappeur and Le Canadien, of St. Hyacinthe; Le Canadien and Frontenac, of Ottawa; St. Jean Baptiste and St. Maurice, of Trois Rivières; also of Valleyfield, Beauharnois, L'Assomption and Sherbrooke.

They were accompanied by the famous City Band of Montreal, who are also snowshoers, and were marshaled by Drum Major Henri La Chapelle. Conspicuous among the Montreal sportsmen were Alex. Baby, the champion long-distance snowshoer, who wore thirty-two gold and silver medals, and Olivier St. Denis, the champion snowshoe sprinter, who had twenty-seven medals.

The Canadians were met at Grand Central Depot, at 9 o'clock A. M., by President G. M. Fairchild, of the Oritani Snowshoe Club, Mr. Arnold J. Gates, of the Canadian Club, and two or three hundred French-Canadian residents of this city. President Erasmus Wiman, of the Canadian Society, undertook to show them the town. They first marched gayly down Fifth Avenue and Broadway to the Metropolitan Hotel for breakfast. Then, proceeding further down-town, they were cordially received at the City Hall, the Stock Exchange, the Produce Exchange and the Cotton Exchange. They afterwards went, via the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad, to the French-Canadian Church in East Seventy-sixth Street, where they were received by Father Tatnall, and partook of refreshments, accompanied by much music and speech-making. A snowshoe race in Central Park followed, and the Canadians returned down-town at dusk for dinner. In the evening there was a grand reception at Steinway Hall, and the long programme of festivities ended towards midnight in a banquet at the Metropolitan Hotel, given by the Oritani Snowshoe Club in honor of their guests. The latter returned home on the morrow, well pleased, but no doubt as nearly tired out as snowshoers can be.

THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILWAY DISASTER.

THE terrible disaster on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, near Republic, O., a little after two o'clock on Tuesday morning of last week, was caused by a freight train running upon the time of the passenger express on the main line. This freight train, under Conductor Fletcher, left Tiffin, east-bound, at one o'clock in the morning. It was side-tracked at Scipio to allow the east-bound express to pass, then proceeded towards Republic, which station it was expected to reach before the arrival of the fast express from the opposite direction. This was at half-past one, and the fast express from the east was due at Republic at two. The distance was only about five miles. The weather was intensely cold. The engineer and fireman apparently either neglected or did not understand their business, for they could barely keep up steam in the locomotive. Finally, at half a mile west of Republic, the engine stopped entirely. Here Conductor Fletcher made a fatal mistake. It was his duty to send a signal to the front with the utmost dispatch, but he waited till the train came to a dead stop, and then started forward

with the lantern. At this point there is a sharp curve, and Fletcher had not gone more than the length of twenty cars when he saw the headlight of the approaching express rounding the curve not more than forty rods away, and running at sixty-three miles an hour. Horror-stricken, he still remembered to flash his light in the face of the engineer of the oncoming express. Sam Eastman, the engineer of the passenger train, acted instantly. The headlight of the freight was not two hundred yards ahead of him, but he whistled down brakes, reversed his engine, and jumped for his life, crashing through the window of the cab and carrying glass and sash with him. He alighted in a heavy snowdrift, and escaped almost unhurt. Before jumping he had shouted a warning to his fireman, William Fredericks, who was stoking at the time. The fireman arose to leap, but was too late, and two iron beams caught him at the hips, crushing him, and holding him ten feet in the air, where he was suspended until death came to his relief, three hours later.

So great was the force of the collision that both engines arose on end in the air and then fell interlocked fast together. The mail and baggage cars were jammed up on the tender, the express car telescoped the baggage car, and the smoker crashed into the express car nearly its whole length. The two sleepers did not leave the track, and were uncoupled at once and pushed back from the fire, which burst out almost instantly from the fatal car-stoves. All the rest of the passenger train burned, and when daylight dawned nothing was left of it but a few hot wheels and rods. There were fourteen or fifteen persons in the smoking-car, very few of whom are known to have escaped. The rest perished in the flames and their bodies were burned to unrecognizable masses.

Among those who perished in the smoker was a man named Joseph Postlethwaite, aged fifty-seven, and his two sons, Spencer and Henry, aged respectively eighteen and eleven. He was on his way to Chillicothe, Mo., near which place he had a brother living. He came from New Martinsville, West Va., where he had just sold a farm. He had the proceeds of the sale in his pocket, and the money, amounting to \$1,500, was burned. His wife and three small children, who were in the other car, and were saved, were left penniless.

It is impossible to ascertain how many persons perished in the wreck. Nine bodies were recovered burned to a crisp, and besides there are detached remains and fragments.

At the present writing, no arrests have been made, though very serious charges are made against the men who were in charge of the freight train.

PIANOS.

"What becomes of all the pianos?" is a question frequently asked. Notwithstanding the immense progress in the manufacture of pianos in this country, the business is still in its infancy, and there are barely pianos enough on this continent to supply one each to half of the families now dwelling in the State of New York. Only for the years 1864-70, when an internal-revenue tax being levied on sales, manufacturers had to make monthly returns of the number of instruments sold, are exact statistics accessible. The following estimate is believed, by the New York *Musical Courier*, to be nearly accurate as to the number of pianos made in the United States:

Yearly Average.	Total.
1790-1830.....	2,000
1830-1850.....	20,000
1850-1860.....	40,000
1860-1870.....	70,000
1870-1880.....	100,000
1880-1890.....	300,000
1890-1900.....	125,000
1900-1910.....	150,000
1910-1920.....	212,000
Total.....	919,000

After a review of last year's production, the *Courier* reached the conclusion that the output will be about 43,000 pianos. The total number, therefore, made in this country since the foundation of the industry would be about 967,000. Together with those imported, we would have in use in this country 1,000,000 pianos. Upon examination of census tables we ascertain that there are about 11,000,000 families in this country. Say that 5,000,000 families would use pianos, that would leave 4,000,000 families to supply. But let us come to close figures. Say 2,000,000 families require pianos. That would leave 1,000,000 families to supply. But let us come to still closer figures. Say that there are no families to supply except such as purchased pianos originally or inherited them and cannot use them any longer. The old pianos are becoming less useful, and to supply this deficiency 48,000 pianos are not sufficient. This number is only 5 per cent. of the whole number made, and much more than 5 per cent. are becoming useless.

CONCERNING KID GLOVES.

The New York *Tribune* says: "People accept the statement that every glove is kid that bears that name, while, in fact, only a small percentage of the gloves sold as such are genuine kid. The reason is plain. Millions of kid gloves are demanded by the inhabitants of every large country, while only a few goats, comparatively, are raised in the world, and of these a large number must be kept until full-grown for breeding purposes. The demand for gloves is much greater than the supply of genuine skins, and a substitute is found in the lamb skin, which makes an excellent grade of glove, and is easily palmed off for kid. Genuine kid gloves can be obtained at a high price, but thousands of people who think they are wearing kid have on the skin of the innocent lamb. Of late years several kid-glove factories have been started in this neighborhood, and the manufacture of gloves has been carried on in a small way. There has been no attempt to compete with the French glove-makers, who easily lead the world, but a fair grade of gloves has been turned out, selling well, and comparing favorably with imported goods. In all branches of glove-making here a high degree of skill is required, and our workmen generally learn their trade in Europe. The lamb skins, being selected with great care, are taken to the factory and put in large tanks partly filled with the yolk of eggs and other soft, sticky materials. Here they are subjected to a thorough pounding with a heavy stick, padded so as not to injure the skins. In some factories men with bare feet tread on them. The object of all this is to 'nourish' the skin and make it strong and 'healthy.' The skins are kept in these tanks for a longer or shorter period, according to the judgment of the superintendent. If allowed to remain too long they become too well nourished

and decay. After the nourishing comes the work of cleaning. The skins are worked in tubs of fresh water and washed thoroughly until all traces of foreign substances are removed from the outside. They now become soft and in color a dull white. They are laid on a smooth stone slab, with the rough side down, and pressed and stretched until every wrinkle has been smoothed out.

"The skins being wet, remain in this stretched state, and are then dyed. The dye is laid on with a brush, and the shade is always darker than the one desired, for the dripping and after-treatment lighten it at least one-quarter. The greatest care is taken to prevent any spots of dye getting on the inside of the skin, a spot being a serious defect in a high-priced glove. After the skins have been allowed to drip for several hours they are taken to the drying-room, the air of which is kept at a high temperature, usually by steam heat. It does not take long for the skins to dry out hard, stiff and rough. Before they can be used they are made soft and pliable again by lying for several days in damp sawdust. Then they are placed on a machine worked by a screw, and by a continuous and gentle pressure stretched to the utmost. If there are any holes, rough spots or cracks in the skin, it is thrown away, or should be. Not all of the glove-makers are honest, and the blemishes are often covered up. This accounts for the sudden giving out of many gloves."

WOMEN ON CALIFORNIA RANCHES.

"The women on the California ranches," writes Mrs. Gorton, in the *Brooklyn Magazine*, "often show the wear and tear of their isolated positions, without compensating social interests, more than do the men, who are surrounded by men interested in the same pursuits. Love of luxurious clothing amounts to a passion in the women of all classes. About their homes they go dressed as elegantly as if in the fashionable streets of San Francisco. This is the result of the wish of husbands, sons and fathers for the visible display of their wealth speedily shown. Too hurried to build the good homes which they need, all rushing along the heated racecourse that leads to sudden wealth, they deem their women as a means of establishing their claims to social importance, and to compensate them for the real hardships of their lonely lives during much of the time."

"The religious, educational and moral tone of the community is largely upheld by women, and a reverent bearing is adopted towards them, which is beautiful, and very gratifying without doubt. The immense size of the ranches, however, tends to isolation, and the maddening monotony of the life is very trying to the moral stamina. One day is much like another for months during the heated term, day after day, week after week, Sunday included. With the nearest neighbor five miles away, what cheer is to be found in the last Parisian styles, eighteen months late; or in tiger-eye jewels in bracelets and brooches, all the way from the Cape of Good Hope and 'too lovely for anything,' just sent as the latest thing out from Tiffany's; or a chased silver tea-service, with accompanying pottery of the Doulton make; or a lovely pug King Charles, with trappings to match the Parisian suits, when the jewels and dresses are to be seen only by the Chinese cook and Mexican and Indian *vaqueros*, neither of whom can speak ten consecutive words in English; and the tea-service is to be used on a pine table built in the dining-room, ungraceful as a Gothic death's-head and crossbones; and the King Charles will not cause even one feminine heart to be wrenched by the black beak of envy?"

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

An art museum to cost \$40,000 is to be erected in connection with Princeton College. Valuable collections are all ready to be placed in the building. During the college term Dr. Baldwin and Dr. Lanciani will lecture on archeology, and Dr. Milder on music.

Strong measures are being taken in Persia to prevent the importation of aniline dyes for use in textile manufactures, such as carpets and brocades. It is maintained that these dyes are not only less artistic and stable, but also that they are positively injurious to health as compared with indigenous dyes. A similar movement is being felt in India, where large quantities of aniline colors are used; and it is expected that, unless action be speedily taken, Indian fabrics will lose much of their reputation.

EXTENSIVE experiments in oyster culture have been carried out by the United States Government. Particular attention has been paid, recently, to methods for preserving the young. Wire baskets three feet wide, three feet long and six inches deep, are used for collecting the spat, which adhere closely to them. Mud is the great enemy to the oyster industry, and by this scheme the young oysters are kept clear from the destructive sediment by frequent shaking of the baskets. It is said that an average oyster under favorable circumstances will yield 10,000,000 young.

ELECTRICAL heating stoves are being introduced in France, a peculiar feature of their construction being that the wires are led through apertures formed in plates of refractory clay and plumbago. These plates are not inclosed, but are left exposed, so that the air can circulate very freely through the apertures, where it comes in contact with the red-hot wires. Wire bobbins are inserted in the apertures, each bobbin forming part of the electric circuit, and all being connected for quantity; the bobbins are heated by the passage of the current, and serve to heat the air as it passes to and fro over them.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JANUARY 2d.—In New York, Horatio Potter, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, aged 85 years; in New York, General George W. Palmer, aged 52 years; in St. Joseph, Mo., Milton Toole, a leading business man and millionaire, aged 64 years. *January 3d*—On Governor's Island, N. Y., Colonel Julian McAllister, U. S. A., aged 63 years; in Jersey City, Matthew Armstrong, a prominent New York leather merchant, aged 63 years. *January 4th*—In Washington, D. C., Charles H. Sherrill, the well-known contractor and politician; in New York, Frederick Davis, Superintendent of the Central and South American Telegraph Company at Lima. *January 6th*—In Newark, N. J., Clark W. Mills, aged 65 years; in Covington, Ky., Professor Joseph Tasso, musician and composer, aged 83 years. In Montrose, Pa., Rev. A. L. Post, a prominent Baptist minister, aged 78 years. *January 7th*—In Churchville, Va., Rev. J. J. Glossbrenner, Bishop emeritus of the United Brethren Church, aged 74 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JOHN ROACH, the great ship-builder, is dying from cancer of the mouth.

FERNAND WARD is very thin and haggard, and shows the eyes of all visitors at Sing Sing.

EX-GOVERNOR and Mrs. ENGLISH, of Connecticut, are being banished by the American colony at Nice.

MANQUIN DE MORES, the millionaire cowboy of Montana, has leased a house in New York for four months, paying \$24,000 for rent of house and furniture.

MR. WHISTLER will land in New York in the latter part of January, but will bring no pictures with him.

EX-SENATOR THURMAN's law practice is said to be worth \$20,000 per year. His fortune is rated at \$100,000.

GENERAL JAMES W. HUSTED was last week elected, for the fifth time, Speaker of the New York Assembly.

PRINCESS METTERNICH has obtained a prize for the best composition in an anonymous literary competition at Vienna.

M. BARTHOLDI, of the Statue of Liberty fame, has been made a Commander of the Legion of Honor in France.

THE veteran actor, Charles W. Condoek, will, if he lives until next May, celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his life as an actor.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, some months ago, withdrew his name as honorary vice-president of the American Exhibition in England.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE WOODS of the United States Supreme Court is at Los Angeles, Cal., dangerously ill, and little hope is entertained of his recovery.

MANUEL BARRIENT and wife, of Matamoros, Mexico, celebrated the eightieth anniversary of their marriage a few days ago. The husband is 102 years old and the wife 96.

MRS. PATTI scored a tremendous success at her appearance in the City of Mexico, last week. It is said that she will probably make a South American tour during the coming Summer.

MRS. JOHN S. ELLIS, well-known in New York fashionable society, who was recently bitten by a pet dog, has gone to Paris in order to place herself under the treatment of M. Pasteur.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the English war correspondent, will return from Europe this month and pass the remainder of the season in Washington with his American wife, who was a Miss Mcigs, of that city.

A DINNER of twenty-eight covers, given by Senator Kennen of West Virginia, at which an entire roast beef of his own killing was served, is spoken of as the most elaborate given in Washington thus far this Winter.

THOMPSON H. MURCH died in the insane asylum of Danvers, Mass., recently, at the age of forty-eight years. Murch is the stone-cutter who surprised everybody by defeating Eugene Hale, of Maine, for Congress, in 1879.

UNITED STATES SENATOR EUGENE HALE of Maine has been re-elected for a term of six years, and Mr. Cockrell has been re-elected from Missouri for a like term. In Pennsylvania, Hon. Matthew S. Quay has been elected United States Senator to succeed Mr. Mitchell.

MR. GLADSTONE's birthday gifts included, among other things, a red kerchief for the neck, at least a dozen bottles of his favorite jam, one mutton and three mince pies, and a box of pills, the last named from the husband of the woman who forwarded the mutton pie.

DR. A. A. AMES, late Democratic candidate for Governor of Minnesota, last week took the oath of office as Governor. It is understood that this proceeding is preliminary to contesting the seat of Governor elect McGill, who was inducted into office on the 5th instant.

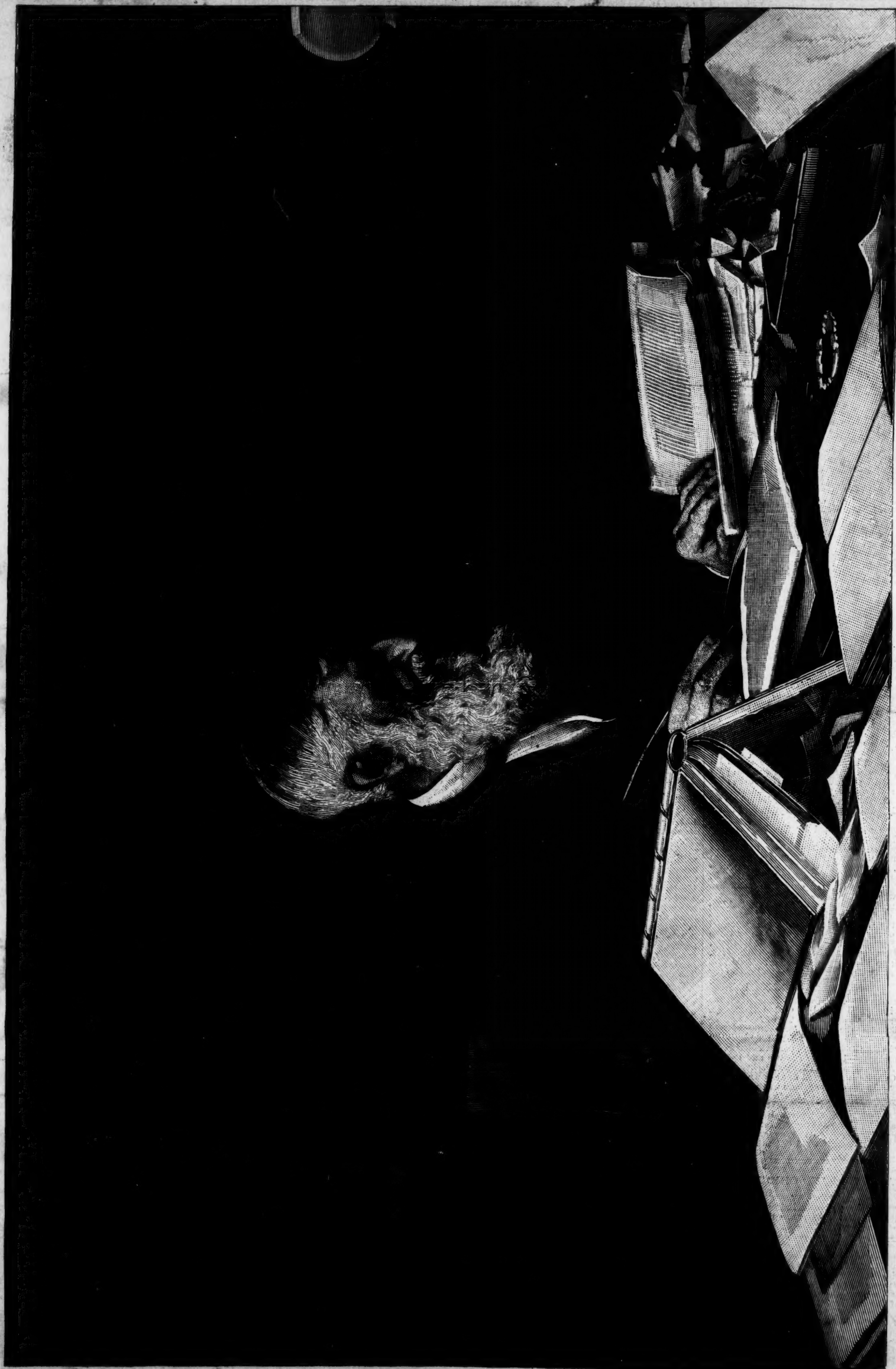
CHARLES H. SHERRILL, who has been for many years the Washington representative of the Central Pacific Railroad Company and its affiliated interests, died suddenly in Washington on the 4th inst., of heart-disease. He was widely known as one of the most successful "legislative agents" at the capital.

It is gratifying to learn that Colonel Washington A. Roebling, who succeeded his father, Mr. John A. Roebling, as the engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge, has substantially recovered from the effect of his exposure and labors while engaged in that work. A quiet life in a small inland city and complete rest since the bridge was finished have restored him to his former energy and strength.

DR. WILLIAM PERRY, of Exeter, N. H., who lately celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday, is the sole survivor of the passengers upon Robert Fulton's steamboat on its memorable trial-trip down the Hudson River seventy-nine years ago, and is the oldest surviving graduate of Harvard College. He can recall every incident of the famous trip down the Hudson. In appearance he is compared to the "Country Doctor," of whom his granddaughter, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, has written.

GENERAL GRANT died at the age of 63. General Logan died at the age of 63. General Hancock died at the age of 61. General McClellan died at the age of 60. General Halleck died at 59. General George G. Meade died at 57. General George H. Thomas died at 64. General W. T. Sherman is the only one of the few greatest generals of the war who has passed beyond the fatal 63, and Farragut, his greatest naval hero, died at 69. Grant, Logan, Hancock and McClellan were men who, in the ordinary course of nature and in circumstances of peaceful life, would have lived, if not to extreme, at least to advanced, old age. They died years before the time naturally allotted to them. Meade and Thomas were of more fragile mold.

SECRETARY LAMAR was married on the 5th inst., at Macon, Ga., to Mrs. Henrietta D. Holt, widow of William S. Holt, of that city. The two are stated to have had an attachment in former years, which, however, did not then ripen into marriage. It is said that Mrs. Lamar has no taste for the pleasures of a fashionable life, but she will reside in the Secretary's Washington home with a grace that must win her many friends. Mrs. Lamar's own family and that of her first husband are connected with many of the best people of Georgia. Her last marriage brings her into relationship with many more. The Lamar family is noted in the South for its beautiful women and distinguished men. It originated in this country from the sons of Thomas Lamar, a Huguenot, who settled in South Carolina and Maryland.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE WORKSHOP OF OUR GREAT HISTORIAN—SCENE IN THE LIBRARY OF GEORGE BANCROFT.
FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 378.



1. PLACING THE TORPEDO. 2. A "DERELICT." 3. EXPLODING THE TORPEDOES.

THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "DESPATCH" DESTROYING "DERELICT" VESSELS AT SEA.
FROM SKETCHES BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 374.

A Million-Dollar Stake.

By REBECCA FORBES STURGIS.

Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Talmage's Wife," "A Husband of the Period," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

DECEMBER was well advanced. It was now nearing the holidays; nearing the time when the last blow was to be struck to save the life of Madeline Marsden. People wondered at the change which had come over the genial physician. He was like one bowed down with care. He could keep his mind on nothing save that she was in danger. He did not try to disguise from himself now that he loved her with a strong man's strongest passion. It would be the one love of his life, whether a successful one or otherwise.

He saw her occasionally, and he noted that the struggle was telling on her, until he began to be alarmed that she would indeed sink beyond recovery before her final deliverance came. Then he would vow that could she but live till then he would bring all the skill on earth to bear on her case, and youth would help her to rally. He was terribly afraid of the poison which she had imbibed. That might yet so undermine her constitution as to make a perfect recovery impossible.

However, he never breathed his fears to her. Every word he uttered was a word of encouragement and cheer, and sometimes she blushed vividly under his glance. She divined that his was more than the interest of a friend—it was the absorbing concern of an impassioned lover; but she gave no token as to whether she would accept it in that light, or only as a friend's devotion.

About the 20th of December something occurred which puzzled and annoyed Dr. Lippincott. It was ten o'clock at night. He had been out more than usual. He was tired and nervous. His bell gave a quick ring, and then a voice was heard:

"Is the doctor in? I want him immediately. A man is dying of heart-disease."

Dr. Lippincott came out, put on his coat and accompanied the man without a word.

The man led him a few blocks away, to a fine-looking residence. He took a key from his pocket, and, admitting himself and the doctor, asked him to be seated a moment.

The stranger went into the adjoining room. "I have brought Dr. Lippincott," he said. "Not him!" a low voice moaned, in tones of horror. "Good God, you would ruin me! I will not see him! Pay him and let him go."

He heard the low voice of a person remonstrating with him, but apparently without avail, for a moment later the same man came back.

"I am sorry to have given you this needless journey, sir," he said, in a shamed tone. "The gentleman has recovered from his fit of indisposition, and refuses medical aid. State your fee and I will pay it."

Dr. Lippincott arose hastily. Who could the man be? Where was he, that his seeing him would mean his ruin?

He pocketed his fee and passed out. He took the precaution to look at the number of the house, and then to find the name of the street; but that gave him no light. He knew no one in that vicinity.

And the voice? "It was Ingraham's!" he decided to himself. "Why should he so strenuously object to seeing me? He was ill, there was no mistake about that. Could it be he was afraid of it getting to his stepdaughter's ears?"

The next time he met Madeline Marsden he asked her if her stepfather was ever troubled with an affection of the heart.

She thought he was. He appeared lately to be worried. He was not like himself. His friend, who still continued with him, was evidently an annoyance of which he could not rid himself.

"Do you know any of his friends here?" he questioned.

"No." Then she thought a moment. "The last time I was out with him we met a lady whom we have seen in all our travels. I say met, and yet I have never spoken to her. The first time I saw her was in Berlin, the year my mother was taken sick. We both noticed her then; she appeared to be watching my stepfather; but he was annoyed when we spoke of it. Then, wherever we drifted, she would be sure in a little while to appear. I lost sight of her for a time, until this last meeting. She may be here, and he may visit her."

The doctor made no response. The idea was very probable.

"That woman has some hold on him," he muttered.

Then he looked into Madeline's wasted face.

"This struggle is too much for you!" he cried. "Give up your property—let it go! What will it benefit you to lose your life to win it? Let me take care of you! I am comparatively poor, but I love you; I will try to guard you so you will never regret the sacrifice!"

His tone was full of passion. He had meant to be cool, not to betray himself; but the sight of her fair, falling face made him forget all prudence.

She smiled sorrowfully.

"You are a valiant friend," she said, in low tones. "I am sensible of all your goodness; but, my friend, my all is at stake. I have stood so much, I can still stand more; wait a little longer."

He noticed even then that she neither declined nor accepted his offer. He thought more about it afterwards.

"I will not urge you," he replied. "I can understand how you feel. It is only sixteen days now, and then, let us hope, the climax will be reached."

The days sped by. About the 26th she was to send for him. "And I will need you," she had said, ravenly. "As the time draws near I become more

and more nervous. It will require a stronger will than my own to tide me over."

"You will have nothing to do but keep up your courage and fire," he returned. "I shall provide you with a friend."

Christmas came—as fair a holiday as ever gladdened the heart of mortal. All the world seemed to be happy. Pedestrians hurried hither and thither with beaming faces. Dr. Lippincott had promised to dine at the Cedars. His uncle had told him he must come.

"I know you are worried, troubled about something more than your profession, my boy," he had said, kindly; "but I cannot even on that account excuse you. You have been like an own son to me, and we are all that is left to keep up the name. We must have our merry makings together."

"Indeed, I never thought of refusing," he returned. "Why, Bess told me a month ago that if I did not come she would not believe the testimony of all the almanacs in America that Christmas had arrived. I could not lay them open to a doubt."

So it had been settled beforehand that he was to be the guest of his uncle.

He drove by the residence of the Ingrahams, that he might even look at the house which held his heart. He did not dare to call. He felt instinctively that he must be wary, indeed, now that the time was approaching so near.

"To-morrow she will send for me," he whispered to himself, as he glanced upwards. "I shall be thankful when it is all over."

Then he fell to thinking that if she had not exactly given him any encouragement, she had not distinctly refused him. She had only refused to let her own fortune slip out of her hands.

Cousin Bess met him with a smiling face: for the time being she was happy. William had come; he had not failed to send her a Christmas present, according to his usual custom; there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the day. Seeing how glad they were to have him, and thinking remorsefully how little he had valued their love and friendship of late, he strove to be as agreeable as possible. So the day passed swiftly away.

At an early hour he excused himself from remaining longer, saying he had an engagement which he must keep. As he passed the residence that held such a strange story within, he was surprised to see the whole front of the house brilliantly illuminated. Two carriages stood outside, or drove slowly back and forth.

"They have company," he said to himself. "I should not wonder if the extra excitement will make poor Madeline take to her bed in earnest. She is not able to stand much more."

He drove home slowly, his heart filled with wistful tenderness.

"I hope she will send early," he soliloquized.

He had already spoken to the nurse he wished to engage, and given her particular instructions. He told her enough to make her watchful, and yet not enough to compromise any one in the house. He warned her about allowing no one to administer a taste of anything, and that she should always believe, or appear to, that her patient was sinking.

The morning broke dim and stormy. He ate his breakfast in a dismal mood. He did not feel at ease. A weight hung upon his heart, but before he could finish his meal an urgent call came to him. He must go to see an old and wealthy patient.

He arose with a sigh. He dared not refuse the call, and yet he wished he might do so. He determined to return home as soon as possible. He made the call, and still another, before he turned his horse homeward.

"Run in," he said to his driver, "and see if there has been word left for me."

He waited impatiently.

Yes, two more calls, but neither one to the place he was expecting.

"At least she is no worse," he thought.

He went away and returned. Still no call. He went into his office, sat down, and took up the morning paper moodily. He seldom looked at the marriage notices, but now his eye fell on the column, and he glanced up and down, idly.

"Marsden!" he exclaimed, as his eye noted the name. "I wonder if it is any relation to Madeline?"

He read further, dropped the paper, sprang to his feet with an imprecation on his lips. Then he sank back and re-read the notice:

"PUTNEY—MARSDEN.—On Christmas Eve, at the residence of the bride's stepfather, No. — Fifth Avenue, by the Rev. Dr. Halsey, Mr. Adriance Putney to Miss Madeline Marsden."

"Lost! outwitted!" he cried, frantically. "My poor Madeline! and I promised to save her! Oh, my God! I have been a poor helper for her! It cannot be! It's a lie!"

He raved like one mad. He would not believe it. He would look into it immediately. How could they compel her to marry him? Such a union would not be legal!

"I will tear her from him!" he thought, madly, as he started out. "They cannot compel her to live with him!"

He sprang into his carriage, and drove furiously to the well-known home of his patient. He noted that it looked desolate. He rang the bell; no answer. He rang it again and again with an impatient air. Then it dawned upon him that the house was deserted. For one moment he hesitated.

"Oh, Heaven! if I had only dreamed of this last night! I would have gone in—she should not have been sacrificed!"

He went into the first drug-store. He looked the Directory over.

"Halsey—Halsey!" he read, until he came to the name he sought. "That must be the clergyman. I will inquire into this marriage," he soliloquized.

He found the reverend gentleman, who knew him by sight.

"Good-morning, Dr. Lippincott," he said, arising, as the physician was ushered in. He was sure the good doctor had come to engage his services for tying a knot, until he looked into his face. One glance at his white, corrugated brow told his experienced eye this was no happy bridegroom to be.

"Be seated, sir," he said, courteously; but the physician paid no attention to his words.

"I wish to ask you a question," he commenced, standing. "Did you officiate at the marriage of Miss Marsden last night?"

"I did," was the response.

"Were you acquainted with any of the parties previously?"

The reverend gentleman shook his head.

"No. I had seen Mr. Putney on the street, nothing more."

"Could you describe the young lady?" he demanded.

"I am not very good at description," he replied, awed by Dr. Lippincott's evident excitement. "I can only say she was a very beautiful girl, and they gave her age as lacking but a few days of twenty-one."

"Was she ill?"

"She did not impress me as being in delicate health, although she was very pale. I attributed that to excitement."

"Was she a willing bride?"

"If she had not appeared to have been I certainly should not have performed the ceremony. It seemed agreeable to all."

Dr. Lippincott sank into a chair.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for my questions, but I must still ask a few more. When did they engage you?"

"Two days before."

"Two days before, and the lady never knew it?" he exclaimed. "Do you know where they are?"

"Mr. Ingraham said he had received news that called him from the country, and they were hurrying the wedding so that his stepdaughter and her husband could accompany him."

For an instant Dr. Lippincott was silent.

"Now it is my turn," Mr. Halsey observed. "Was there anything wrong with the parties?"

"Everything was wrong!" the doctor ejaculated. "I cannot understand it. I am sure there is fraud somewhere. Miss Marsden was a patient of mine. I was treating her for a malady that had killed her mother and brother. I saw her only a few days ago. She was scarcely able to stand on her feet, and yet she was trying to live until her birthday, the 6th of January. I do not believe she could have stood the ceremony of last night unless she was buoyed up by some drug. She hated Putney; she was afraid of him. I will not trouble you longer, sir. I thank you for your information."

The clergyman bowed him out.

"He is pretty well cut up," he muttered to himself. "I think the young lady has flirted, probably deliberately deceived him. Well, girls will be girls, and he will recover. Men usually do!" and he returned to his study.

The next step for Lippincott was to find the owner of the residence, or the office from which it was hired. It took him some hours, and then he only stumbled by chance on the agent.

The house was given up the week previous; the agent was to take possession the morning of the 26th, although the term of the occupants did not expire until the 1st of January.

"I am sorry they are gone," the agent explained. "Good tenants—no end of money."

The doctor bowed, thanked him, and left.

The agent gave a discreet little whistle when the doctor closed the door.

"They owe him no end of a bill," he said, with a chuckle. "It is queer how some people, especially rich ones, love to cheat a doctor!"

Then the doctor went back to his office, closed the door and paced the floor in deep agitation.

"I have been duped and Madeline betrayed!" he cried, fiercely. "She never consented to that infamous marriage of her own free will! She was in their power, and that minister was as blind as a bat! He saw nothing but his fee. Oh, Heaven! I failed her in her hour of need, and she believed me so strong!"

That thought maddened him. Ingraham had suspected their game and quietly baffled it.

"He must be in league with Satan himself!" he thought. It was some time before he could decide on his next step. In fact, it seemed as if there was not much left for him to do.

He would find out where they went on that night. Did they really leave the city? He sent for a detective, and told him he wished to find out if such a party sailed from New York on such a date on any of the steamers. Information was soon brought him that such a party bought tickets for Europe on the ocean steamer *Leviathan* some days previous to her sailing.

Lippincott told him that would do. Then he went around like one blinded. He could see nothing but the beautiful face of the girl who had trusted him in vain.

"She trusted me—trusted me!" he kept muttering. "I wish I had laid the matter before a detective, instead of trying to beat them with their own weapons!"

But all regrets were useless now. Nothing could call her back, and that thought almost maddened him. He had lost her, the fair girl, the one love of his life. He never should have peace more.

A later delivery of the mail brought him a strange missive. He tore it open. It contained a check for his professional services to Madeline Marsden. He read:

"My daughter wishes me to thank you for your kind attendance. We have become discouraged, and think that the climate here is too trying for her. She longs, like a bird, to be on the wing again, and so has consented to make her devoted lover, my friend Putney, a happy man by marrying him and going in search of health. When you receive this we will be on the deep. I received

news from Europe which called me there, and Madeline will not be parted from me while her health is so poor. Your friend, INGRAHAM."

Lippincott looked at the check and the note as though they were animated reptiles.

"He wished to disarm me of all suspicion," he thought. "Poor Madeline! Heaven help her! I am powerless."

On the following day the detective returned.

"I wish to say that only one gentleman and lady sailed on the *Leviathan*," he observed, "and they were Mr. Putney and his wife. I found the driver that took them to the boat."

"Give me his name," said the doctor. "I must see him."

He found the man and interviewed him. All he knew was that he had been hired to take them to a hotel after the wedding, an up-town house, with instructions to call on the morrow and take them to the *Leviathan*.

"Had you ever seen the bride before?" he questioned.

"No, sir."

"How did she appear? Sick?"

"No, indeed, sir. She was very happy. I heard her chatting all the way to the boat."

Lippincott gave the man some money and returned home. He was discouraged. So Ingraham had not gone at all? He would keep a sharp lookout for him. There was only one grain of comfort in the whole business. Putney would not, in all probability, kill her. He had objected to it from the first. But if she was under the influence of some stimulant, which he could not doubt, how terribly she would feel when she became conscious enough to understand the irrevocable step she had taken!

(To be continued.)

BANCROFT AT EIGHTY-SIX.

THE most venerable and interesting personality among our living American literati, scholars and statesmen, is incontestably that of George Bancroft, the foremost historian of his country. Still actively engaged upon his life-work in his eighty-seventh year, his long and illustrious career furnishes in some respects a parallel to that of the lamented Von Ranke, of Germany. Born in Worcester, Mass., in the year 1800, graduated from Harvard College at seventeen, and going abroad immediately after, Mr. Bancroft has met most of the great literary and scientific men of the century, both in the United States and Europe. During the five years of his youth which he spent in Europe, he enjoyed the personal friendship of the learned professors at Göttingen, of Schleiermacher, Humboldt, Savigny, Lappenberg, Von Ense, Schlosser, Cousin, Benjamin Constant, Manzoni, Bünsen, Niebuhr, Goethe, Byron and many others. The strong German predilections which Mr. Bancroft has retained all his life date from this period. As Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, 1846-49, he extended his acquaintance among the men of letters in that country. In 1867 he was appointed Minister to Prussia; in 1868 he was accredited to the North German Confederation, and in 1871 to the German Empire. Meanwhile, during numerous visits to Paris, he had studied the archives and libraries of that capital with the aid of such men as Guizot, Mignet, Lamartine and De Tocqueville. His honors abroad have been numerous, and he is a member of many learned societies abroad as well as at home.

Mr. Bancroft's political and patriotic services in his own country are too well known to need recapitulation in this brief article. His administration of the office of Secretary of the Navy, under President Polk, was conspicuously able, and was signalized by the establishment of the Annapolis Naval Academy. His most important public addresses and contributions to periodicals have been published in his "Miscellanies."

At Harvard, and during his earlier student-years in Europe, Mr. Bancroft gave special attention to metaphysics and morals, and applied himself to German, French and Italian literature, the Oriental languages and the interpretation of the Scriptures, ecclesiastical and other ancient history, the antiquities and literature of Greece and Rome, besides pursuing a thorough course of Greek philosophy. Shortly after his return to America, in 1822, he preached several sermons. He also published a small volume of poems, and seems for a time to have contemplated a career of poet and professor, similar to that afterwards followed by Longfellow. The inspiration of his great "History of the United States," however, seems to have come to him at a very early period. He began laying out the plan and collecting materials for it in 1825, and the first volume was published in 1834. To-day he is at work upon the eleventh; and his masterly and philosophical history is everywhere the recognized authority concerning the period which it covers.

Our portrait of the venerable historian in his study at Washington will be of universal interest. Mr. Bancroft lives in a plain, three-storied stucco house, opposite Lafayette Square, in one of the most fashionable sections of the national capital. The household is described as German in its sentiment, its manner of living, its servants and its table. The rooms are filled with articles of German manufacture, the walls hung with specimens of German art, and the bookcases rich with the finest editions of the German classics. The very air seems almost pervaded with the German accent, and the language is spoken by the members of the family in their daily intercourse. This is determined to a great extent by Miss Susannah, the historian's granddaughter, a beautiful girl, who was born in Germany, of a German mother, and who only came to America about a year ago, after the death of Mrs. Bancroft. When she arrived she could not speak English at all, but is learning it rapidly. Her grandfather is her tutor, and she is not only his pupil, but his housekeeper and pet as well.

Describing the presence-chamber of Mr. Bancroft, a correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser* writes: "At first, in the well-lighted room, I can scarcely see him. Then I catch a glimpse of a patriarchal white head and a bushy, luxuriant beard, almost covering the face, from which two clear, pleasant eyes peep at me across a great pile of books. He rises to welcome me, and I have a good chance to see him despite the mass of books. He does not weigh more than a hundred pounds, and his figure is tall and slim, with shoulders slightly stooping from years of work at the desk. His head is rather small, and is thickly covered with long white hair, which is thrown carelessly back, showing a broad, intellectual forehead. What can be seen of his face is bony and thin, the skin

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sallow and leathery, and a mouth that once de-
noted great perseverance and industry, but which
now shows signs of weakness from advanced age
and the loss of his teeth. The dark eyes that look
at one so searchingly are still bright and kindly.

"How can the room be described?—or rooms, we
should have said, for the library includes four.
You can scarcely see them, however, for the books,
pamphlets and manuscripts that are scattered
about in such thick profusion. Books—books every-
where; in shelves, all around the rooms, piled
upon tables, in corners, scattered over the floor.
Not an inch of space is left unfilled, and one has
to pick his way across the room gingerly for fear
of stepping upon some of them. Mr. Bancroft's
desk stands in the centre of the room, and that of
his secretary just opposite him. This latter desk
is in almost as much confusion as the historian's,
and is veritably a gigantic pyramid of documents
that the secretary is all the time verifying, copy-
ing and arranging. To the eye of the visitor all is
chaos, but, like many another author's workroom,
what to the looker-on is a scene of confusion is to
the workers the greatest of order. Though at first
the library looks very large, it really does not con-
tain over 15,000 volumes. There are many larger
private collections in the country, but very few
that are so rich in works and manuscripts relat-
ing to American history. The historian retires
early, and sleeps for nine or ten hours. He sleeps
among his books with a small table drawn up
close to his bed, and if a thought occurs to him
during the waking hours of the night he makes a
note of it. He arises with the birds in the park
across the street, and they are not more regular in
their habits than the great historian.

"About 8 o'clock he has a cup of coffee and an
egg in company with his granddaughter, and then
goes to work. He has collected the day before
whatever data he may need, and studied it until
the facts are firmly fixed in his mind. He then
dictates his thoughts to the secretary, constantly
walking up and down the room as he does so, gen-
erally with his hands under his coat-tails, or lean-
ing back in his easy-chair with his long German
pipe in his mouth. His ideas are taken down in
shorthand, and after they are written out, Mr.
Bancroft goes over them as many as half a dozen
times, erasing here, adding there, until they lose
all semblance of their former selves. Then they
are catalogued and laid away for future use, often
for years. This routine goes on from eight to one
o'clock, when the work of the day is ended and
the remainder is given up to recreation and amuse-
ment. And what of the day's work?—how much
does he accomplish? Well, he considers 250 words
a good day's work, and his average is not half of
that."

A "FRIENDLY INN" FOR WAYFARERS.

"IT is with a confident air," remarks a Pitts-
burg humorist, "that a tramp asks to be
permitted to saw wood for his breakfast at a house
which uses natural gas." The tramp's confidence
would be disappointed—supposing his object to be
to receive the charity and shirk the labor—if he
made such a request in Minneapolis, Minn. In
such a case, he would in all probability be handed
a ticket directing him to the Friendly Inn, No. 220
Washington Avenue, North. This institution,
founded upon practical principles of philanthropy,
is peculiar to Minneapolis, and is now in the third
year of its good work. The managers of the Inn
issue tickets at the nominal price of ten cents
each, which they ask the public to buy, and to
give to able-bodied tramps when accosted, instead
of money. The ticket, presented at the institu-
tion, insures the bearer an opportunity to saw and
split wood enough to pay for his lodging and
breakfast. In addition to a comfortable lodging
and wholesome food, a pleasant sitting-room is
provided for the wayfarers, together with a bath
and a place to wash and dry their clothes; for
which they are enabled and expected to give an
equivalent in honest work. The store of kindling-
wood thus produced is sold to the citizens of Min-
neapolis at a moderate price. Persons desiring
help for odd jobs of various kinds are also asked
to apply at the Friendly Inn. In the course of a
year, the institution furnishes about 8,000 meals
and 5,000 nights' lodgings to able-bodied men,
who pay for their entertainment by sawing and
splitting some 1,000 cords of good maple wood,
and performing, besides, 8,000 hours of honest
manual labor. The interior arrangements of the
Friendly Inn are fully illustrated in our pictures
on page 380, which ought to furnish a useful hint
to the Supervisors of Westchester County, N. Y.,
who lately proposed to put tramps in a cistern,
with the alternative of pumping or drowning.

HON. WILLIAM M. STEWART,

UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM NEVADA.

HON. WILLIAM M. STEWART, who has just
been elected United States Senator from
Nevada, for the third time, after an interval of
twelve years, is a familiar figure in public affairs.
He was born in Wayne County, N. Y., August 9th,
1827, but spent his boyhood in Trumbull County,
O., whither his parents removed when he was
eight years of age. Working on a farm until he
was seventeen, he then for a time taught school,
and subsequently attended an academy at Farm-
ington. Returning to his native State, he con-
tinued to teach, at the same time prosecuting his
studies. In 1848 he entered Yale College, where
he remained until 1850, when he went to Cali-
fornia, and for some time worked in the Coyote
Mines with varied success. In 1851 he ran for
Sheriff of Nevada County, and was defeated by
only a few votes. Soon after this he com-
menced the study of law, and was admitted to
the Bar in the Fall of 1852, and the same day was
appointed District Attorney. The Democratic
party elected him to the same office the succeed-
ing year. In 1854 the Attorney-general of the
State of California left the State for six months
on leave of absence, and Mr. Stewart was ap-
pointed in his place. He subsequently removed
to San Francisco, and entered into a law partner-
ship with ex-Governor and ex-Senator Henry S.
Foote of Mississippi (now deceased), and Judge
Aldrich, which continued for two years. In the
Fall of 1855 he married a daughter of Govern-
or Foote, and returned to Nevada and practiced
his profession there until 1857, when he went to
Downsville, where there was a great deal of min-
ing litigation. Here he secured a large and lucra-
tive practice. In the Spring of 1860 he removed
to that part of the Territory of Utah which is now
the State of Nevada, where he was employed as
the attorney and counselor of the first locators of
the Comstock Lode. When the Legislature was
organized, he was a member of the Territorial
Council, and took an active part in organizing
the Union party. In 1863 he was a member of

the Constitutional Convention, and on the ad-
mission of Nevada in the Union, Mr. Stewart be-
came her first United States Senator, taking his
seat February 1st, 1865. His term expired March
3d, 1869, when he was re-elected to a second term.

While in the Senate, Mr. Stewart was a member
of the Judiciary, Public Lands, Pacific Railroad,
and Mines and Mining Committees, and was chair-
man of the latter during the Forty-first Congress.
He took a prominent part in the debates in the
Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses, making a
strong speech in February, 1866, occupying two
days in its delivery, as to the right of the Southern
States to be represented in Congress, and on the
24th of May, 1866, delivered a four-hours' speech
on a pending Constitutional Amendment advocat-
ing "pardon for the rebels, and the ballot for
the blacks." He opposed President Johnson's
policy, and voted for his conviction on the Ar-
ticles of Impeachment presented to the Senate by
the House of Representatives. His election to the
Senate is an undoubted acquisition to the Pacific
Coast delegation in that body.

THE LATE GENERAL LOGAN, AND HIS TOMB.

WE give on page 381 a portrait of the late
General John A. Logan as he appeared
when "in the field" during the Civil War, fighting
for the Union. The portrait is from a photograph
kindly loaned us by Mr. William H. Marston, of
this city, and stated by General Logan, shortly
before his death, to be the only one, so far as
he knew, in existence. We also give a picture
of the temporary tomb of the deceased soldier in
Cedar Rock Cemetery, District of Columbia. This
cemetery adjoins the Soldiers' Home grounds, and
is the oldest burial-ground in the District, having
been used since 1719. A number of magnificent
forest trees shade the glebe surrounding the an-
cient Rock Creek Church. The Hutchinson vault,
in which the remains temporarily repose, is a plain,
massive structure of white marble, the front re-
lieved by polished red granite pillars surmounted
by gracefully cut Corinthian capitals. The arched
door is of heavy wrought iron, painted dark green,
with gilded moldings, and above it are the fig-
ures "1833," surrounded by a wreath of flowers
in bass-relief. The keystone bears the name
"Hutchinson," carved in block letters. The whole
structure is surmounted by a marble figure re-
presenting Grief. On either side of the white
and black marble approach stand large bronze
vases filled with moss. The front of the tomb,
together with its flanking walls of rough-hewn
marble, form a semi-circle ending in low, square
posts at the footwalk of the road, inclosing grass-
plots on either side. The walls of the tomb are
also of white marble, the roof being of enameled
brick tinted sky-blue, and the floor of tessellated
marble. Within are twelve catacombs, in tiers
of three, the doors of which are secured by silver
locks. On either side are niches containing elab-
orately decorated vases.

A volunteer guard of honor was placed over the
remains immediately after the funeral, and this
will be maintained day and night, in two-hour
watches.

WOMEN IN DEMAND IN MONTANA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Times, writ-
ing from Fort Keogh, says: "Montana is truly a
country of bachelor homes. Scattered all over the
fertile plains and foothills of this vast Territory
are countless farms, ranches, and cabins, the ten-
ants and owners of which are lonely, forlorn men
who have plenty of soil and large bank accounts
to their several credits, and yet none of them have
the solid, substantial comforts of a home. One
ancient individual in the town of Sadie, near here,
is 70 years old, has a tremendous herd of cattle
and \$70,000 in hard cash, and nobody to help him
herd his stock or spend all that money. These
bachelor homes are of every style and description,
and are situated in all sorts of strange places.
Some are hovels dug out in the hillsides; some are
cabins of the rudest structure; some, log houses of
only modest pretensions, while there are others of
frame or stone or brick. The tenants are curious
objects too. Some are surrounded with luxury
and ease, and others, again, are possessed of the
bare necessities of life; but all are alike in one re-
spect—lonely and barren of female society.

"There are no less than 30,000 bachelors in Mon-
tana, and every single one of them is in need of
and anxious to get a wife. These entertaining
young fellows and would-be Benedicts have no
time to go courting themselves, and so much of
that sort of thing is done by proxy.

"The following truthful illustration will serve
to show how the thing is done in Montana. About
a year ago a young and wealthy beef baron of
Forsyth, a small canvas town a few miles west of
here (A. J. Kimball is his name), requested a
friend who was going East to hunt up a young
lady with whom he might correspond with a view
to matrimony. The friend interested himself in
Kimball's behalf, and secured Miss Maggie A.
Rhodes, of Huntington, Pa., as correspondent.
Letters were exchanged, as well as photographs.
After a year's correspondence, and although Miss
Rhodes and Mr. Kimball had never seen each
other, they agreed to marry, and Kimball sent
Miss Rhodes money enough to carry her to Bis-
marck, Dak., where he promised to meet her. She
left Huntington October 25th inst., arrived at Bis-
marck, where Kimball was waiting for her, and the
two came on to Miles City, where they were mar-
ried on October 29th, by the Rev. Mr. Snyder. All
of their courting had been done by letter.

"This is a novel and interesting case, and is
true in every particular. And yet all the girls
who come to this wide-awake country do not get
married. Many of them would not have a man
for love or money, and they are right, too; for
those very same independent young damsels soon
learn to rustle for themselves, and before many
days find themselves property-holders, voters,
judges of election, schoolteachers, sheep or cattle
queens, and actually candidates for political offices.
All of these things have happened right here in
Montana. In nearly every county at the last
election young ladies were running on the Re-
publican, Democratic, or Independent ticket for
County Superintendents of Schools; and in at
least nine cases out of ten, whatever their political
complexions, the girls were voted in. At the last
election over at Spokane Falls, two women in each
ward were chosen to act as judges of election, and
in every instance was the duty well performed and
to the credit of the sex. Yet the mixing up of
females with male jurors is not so very pleasant
for all hands as it might be; still, in our neigh-
boring Territory it seems to work very well. The
last elections, all admit, were extremely orderly,
the presence of women at the polls tending to pre-
vent drunkenness and disorder.

"Going from politics to farming, it is astonish-
ing what grit and endurance some of these girls
reared in the States can exhibit when put to the
test. A Montana matron of 50 Summers rode on
horseback into Livingston last week, did her trad-
ing, and returned to her ranch, riding fully 100
miles, alone and unattended. The Winchester
that hung at her saddle showed that she was pre-
pared for defense if necessary, and inquiry de-
veloped the fact that her name was Puett, a
pioneer of the Upper Yellowstone, and that she
lives at the head of Sweetgrass Creek, where she
is wealthy—when at home—in horses, cattle, and
sheep. She is a widow, and has built up her own
home without assistance from anybody.

"The ladies who own flocks and herds in this
country are quite numerous. They hire their
herding done, and do a great deal of it themselves,
too. If one-half the young men in the East pos-
sessed the grit and good sense, not to speak of the
business ability, of Miss Mary Markher, of Lewiston,
they would be more prosperous and well-to-
do. This young lady one day during the late Fall
passed through here en route to Chicago from her
distant home in the panhandle of Idaho, with a
load of cattle of her own raising. She sold her
stock at a fine figure, and is very proud of the
transaction all the way through, as she has a
right to be. She had 400 head more to ship this
season, but the winter came a little soon, and so
she will have to market the 400 steers next year."

A STORY ABOUT MARK TWAIN.

A good story is told of Mark Twain by the
Washington Capital. It appears that last winter,
having to fill a lecturing engagement in a Western
city, the humorist boarded a train that is noted
for its slowness and is always avoided by regular
travelers. But the lecturing committee had written
to the humorist agreeing to meet him at the depot
upon the arrival of this train, and so he had no
alternative. Two hours' traveling, however, served
to put Mark out of patience. Stopping the con-
ductor as he passed through the car, Mark asked
as civilly as he could: "Why don't you people
run this train faster?" The conductor, ignorant
who his questioner was, rejoined: "It runs fast
enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of
speed, why don't you get out and walk?" "Well,
I would," returned Mark, settling back in his seat,
"but that some friends won't come to meet me
until the train arrives, and I don't want to be
waiting around the depot for two or three hours."

MARRIAGES IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

AMONG the other innovations, the French Minis-
ter of War, General Boulanger, considers it nec-
essary to make some changes with regard to the
financial conditions under which the officers may
be permitted to marry. A soldier's bride may not
be portionless, and must needs bring him a for-
tune of at least \$4,000 before the necessary consent
can be obtained from the authorities. It is now
thought expedient to increase the sum, the ex-
penses of family being greater than they were for-
merly. Mothers with marriageable daughters do
not look kindly on this proposition, and the young
officers are mostly averse to the change, which
would weigh sorely upon them in many cases.
The general opinion is that it is advisable to main-
tain the status quo for many reasons, which it is
not necessary to discuss here.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THERE arrived at Castle Garden, New York, last
year, 300,918 steerage and 68,742 cabin passengers.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARTINE of New York says
there are over 6,000 untried indictments in his
office.

ONE of the largest deposits of marble in the
world has been discovered in San Bernardino
County, California, only three miles from the rail-
road. It covers six hundred acres, and no less than
eleven different shades of marble are found. It
can be laid down in Los Angeles at \$1 a cubic foot.

THE Italian Chambers have just voted that the
remains of Rossini, who died in Paris on the 17th
of November, 1868, are to be brought from the
Cemetery of Père Lachaise to Florence and depos-
ited in the historical Church of Santa Croce, where
the remains of Galileo, Michael Angelo, Alfieri and
Macchiavelli are buried.

THE total shipments of wheat by sea from San
Francisco last year were 1,100,000 tons; exports of
merchandise, \$99,000,000; foreign importations,
\$41,941,637; treasure shipment, \$18,713,618. The
year's wool product was 38,509,160 pounds. The
barley crop was 39,000,000 bushels, more than
three times that of the year before.

ONE of the great mining schemes in California
is a twelve-mile tunnel for draining the entire
group of mines in Nevada City and Grand Valley.
The water-power of Yuba River will be used to
drive the drills and to propel the cars. The tunnel
where it enters the mines will be 1,200 feet below
the surface. There has been subscribed \$1,000,000
towards the expenses of the work, but the engineer
expects to pay the cost from the ore extracted in
digging.

THE Charleston News and Courier, reviewing
the agricultural and industrial development of
South Carolina, says that the number of manu-
facturing establishments has advanced from 1,230 in
1860 to 3,242 in 1886. The capital invested has in-
creased from \$6,981,756 to \$21,327,970. The num-
ber of hands employed is 33,378 in 1886 against
6,904 in 1860 and 8,140 in 1870. The value of the
products is \$29,951,551. The cotton-mills give
employment now to 4,889 persons. It is estimated
that the value of agricultural and garden products
for 1886 was \$44,109,501, and the value of the corn
alone was nearly half the value of the cotton crop.
Cotton is no longer king, at least in South Carolina.
Irish potatoes lead the list with a value of \$88 per
acre as against \$12 for cotton.

THE vintage of 1886 was the best as well as the
largest in the history of California. The yield is
estimated at from 17,000,000 to 19,500,000 gallons
of wine, of which 3,000,000 will go into brandy.
There has been a great increase in vine acreage,
and it is estimated that \$75,000,000 is now invested
in the wine interest in California. Equal progress
has been made in raisin culture, and it is predicted
by experts that ten years will see the raisin crop
more valuable than the wine or other fruit yield.
The total product of raisins for the year is esti-
mated at 703,000 boxes. It is thought that there
are now 8,000,000 fruit-trees in the State, the net
value of the yield of which it is not possible to esti-
mate. In dried fruits there has been an enormous
increase, and all of it has found ready sale.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE fund for the benefit of Mrs. Logan will be
invested in United States four per cent. bonds.

It is reported that 15,000 Jews have been ex-
pelled from the Government of Kieff, Russia.

THE heaviest snowstorm ever experienced in
Northwestern Louisiana visited that section last
week.

COLORADO citizens of many Southern States are
petitioning Congress for financial aid to emigrate to
Liberia.

OVER a dozen persons committed suicide in
Vienna, Austria, during the first week of the pre-
sent month.

THE City of Charleston, S. C., was visited, last
week, by another earthquake, which occasioned
for a time a good deal of alarm.

THE Hoosac Tunnel, which cost the State of
Massachusetts \$20,341,842, has been sold to the
Fitchburg Railroad Company for \$10,000,000.

EIGHT Chinese converts were received into fel-
lowship with the members of the Central Con-
gregational Church, of Brooklyn, on a recent
Sunday.

MRS. THURBER states that there are eighty
singers in the National Opera chorus, of which
sixty-two are Americans and but eighteen fore-
igners of all nationalities.

THE lower branch of the North Carolina Legis-
lature was organized last week by a fusion of Re-
publicans and Independent Democrats, who di-
vided the offices between them.

ENGLAND has advised Turkey that she should
support England and Austria rather than Russia
on the Bulgarian Question, and has refused to sup-
port Russia's candidate for the vacant throne.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has affirmed
the constitutionality and the validity of the State
statute prohibiting either the sale or manufacture
of oleomargarine or any artificial butter in that
State.

A PARIS dispatch says that the remains of M.
Léon Gambetta are to be removed from their
resting-place to the Pantheon, the father of the
great French statesman having given his consent
to the transfer.

FIFTY-six persons in County Galway, Ireland,
who last Summer resisted the collection of rent
and eviction on the Clanricarde estates, were last
week sentenced to various terms of imprisonment,
ranging from twelve to eighteen months.

THE annual sale of pews in Plymouth Church,
Brooklyn (Henry Ward Beecher's), took place last
week. The total premiums amounted to \$14,825,
and the fixed rentals to \$13,036; total receipts,
\$27,861, being \$837 more than receipts in 1886.

THE New York Amusement Gazette, published at
947 Broadway, commences the season with gratify-
ing evidence of prosperity. It has clothed itself
with a bright and artistic title-page, and with its
fresh face will be even more welcome to its readers
than it has hitherto been.

GOVERNOR PATTON of Pennsylvania, in his
message to the Legislature, urges that a law be
framed by which the entire cost of the State Gov-
ernment shall be met by taxation upon corpora-
tions, thus allowing taxation upon other forms of
personal property to go to the counties.

MR. GLADSTONE declines to express any opinion
on the Plan of Campaign in Ireland. He says: "I
cannot discuss what is going on in Ireland upon
partial and fragmentary evidence, and will defer
judging the Government's conduct until I hear in
Parliament what is said for and against it."

MR. GLADSTONE received \$1,500 for his article
in the Nineteenth Century Review on Tennyson's
poem "Locksley Hall." This is one of the largest,
if not the largest, price ever paid in England for
so short an essay. It was, however, a lucky in-
vestment for the editor, as the sale has been
enormous.

THE City of Los Angeles, California, is over-
crowded, and there are hundreds of well-to-do
Eastern people there who desire to remain a
month or six months, but they can find no suit-
able accommodations. During several days in De-
cember the thermometer in Los Angeles reached
eighty-five degrees.

THE Central Mission Sunday-school in Chicago
has over 4,500 children on its rolls, with an aver-
age attendance of about 3,000. It is not only the
biggest Sunday-school in the United States, but it
is almost twice as big as the next biggest, and in
the matter of attendance, so far as it is known, it
is head and shoulders, so to speak, above any other
Sunday-school in Christendom.

New steel steamers for pleasure travel have been
introduced on the Nile. They are built somewhat
on the plan of American river steamers, with
upper, main and lower decks. The second-class
accommodation, which is a new feature on the
Nile steamers, is on the lower deck. Each steamer
is constructed to carry thirty-two saloon passen-
gers only and thirty second-class.

GOVERNOR McENERY of Louisiana has issued a
call for an Inter-state Convention in the interest of
stock-raising, dairy, fruit-growing, and general
agriculture, to be held at Lake Charles, La., on
the 22d, 23d and 24th of February. These dates
have been arranged with a view of enabling ex-
cursionists to remain in New Orleans during the
Mardi Gras festivities, which close on the 21st.

RIVERSIDE, the great orange and raisin growing
colony in San Bernardino County, California, is
soon to have the only large cold storage works for
fruit in this country. The establishment will cost
\$40,000, and will have capacity for cooling and
shipping ten car-loads of fruit daily. It will revolu-
tionize the shipping of fruit to the East, as
under the new scheme oranges and other fruit may
be allowed to ripen before picking.

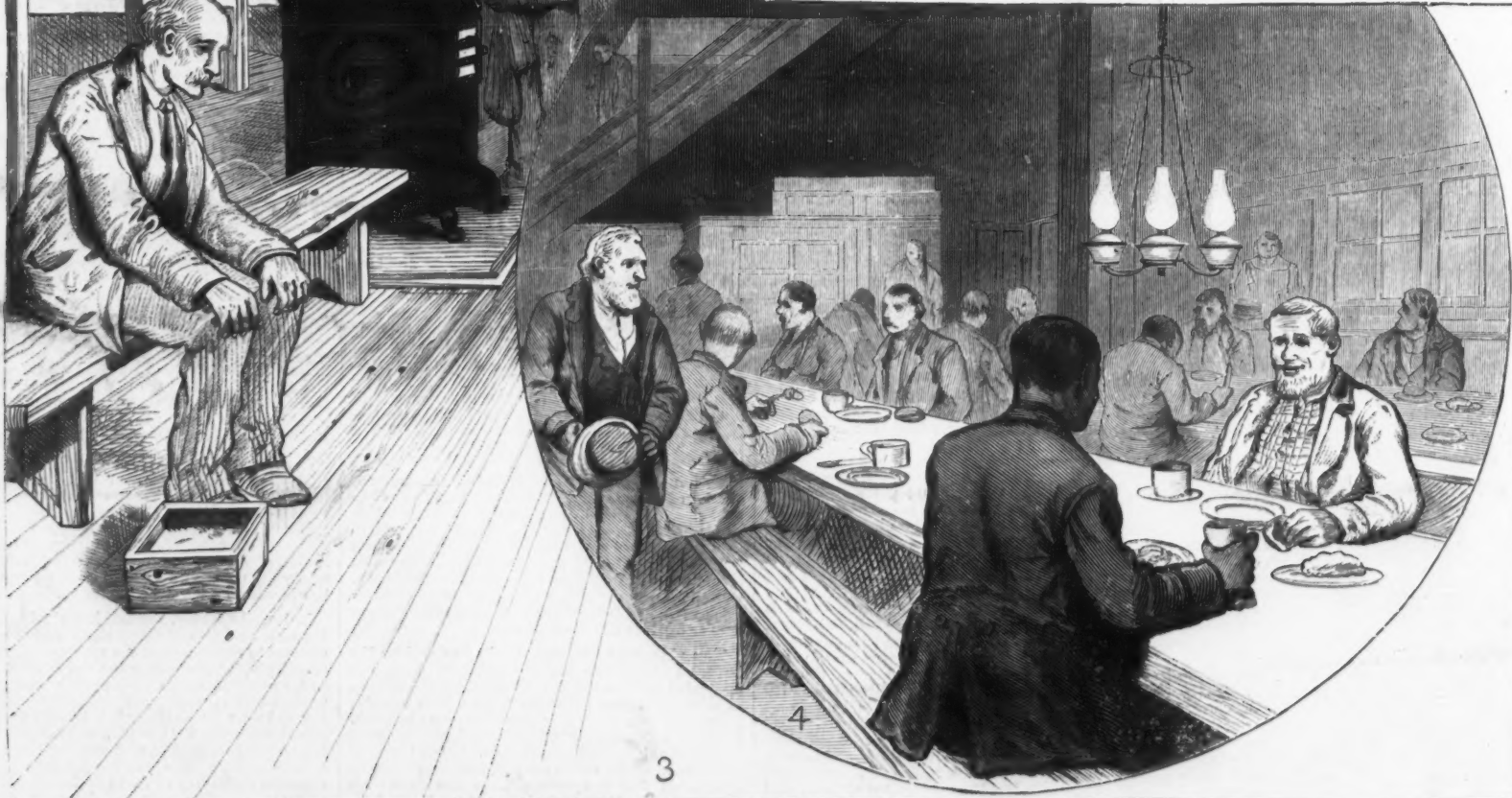
It is said that Mr. Randall is maturing a Bill for
the total abolition of internal revenue taxes. Such
a measure would reduce the revenue \$120,000,000,
or \$30,000,000 more than the anticipated surplus,
and, of course, would render any immediate legis-
lation for the reduction of tariff duties impossible.
But as half the fiscal year has already expired, the
actual reduction for the present year would not be
more than \$60,000,000, and would leave an excess
of \$60,000,000 of this year's receipts to balance an
expected deficiency of that amount on next year's
income. Another scheme of Representatives who
are acting on parallel lines, if not in direct con-
cert, with Mr. Randall, contemplates a reduction
of revenue from internal sources of a little over
\$60,000,000 per annum, and would permit of some
tariff modification if the House could be brought
to the point of considering the Tariff Question.



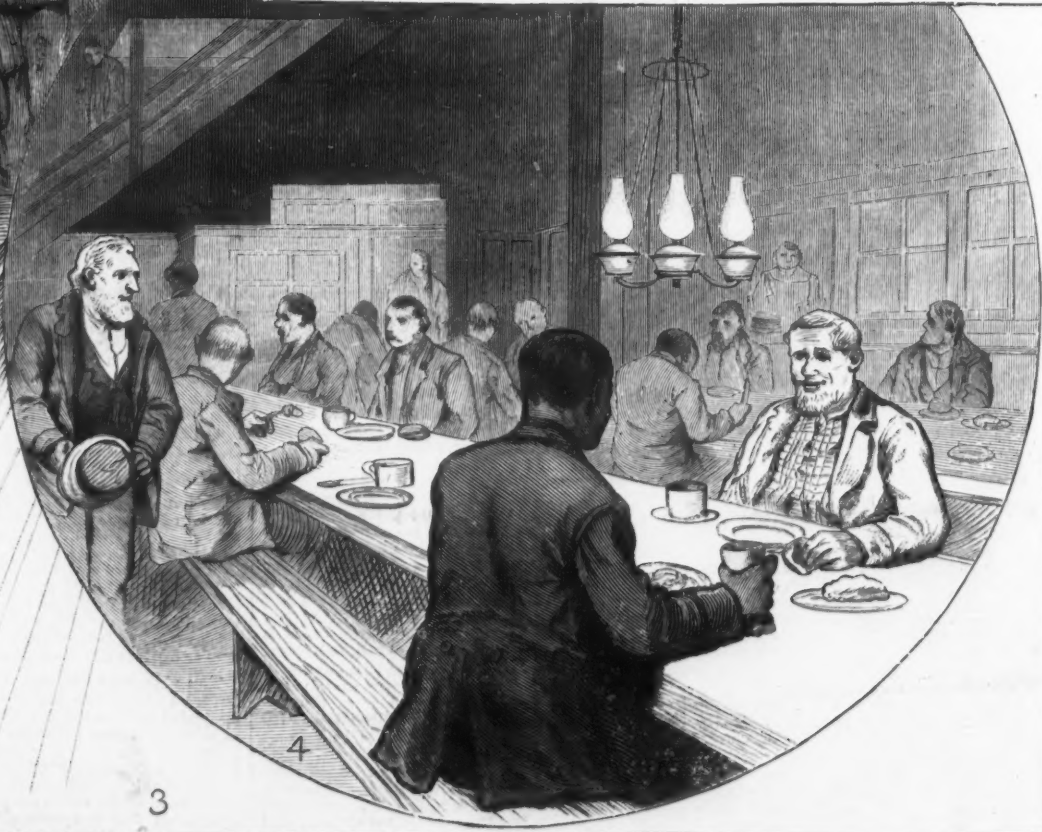
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1. THE WOODYARD. 2. SOCIAL HALL. 3. SLEEPING-ROOM. 4. DINING-ROOM.

MINNESOTA.—THE WESTERN METHOD OF HELPING THE UNFORTUNATE POOR—SCENES AT THE "FRIENDLY INN," MINNEAPOLIS.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 370.

HENRY W. GRADY, AND "THE NEW SOUTH."

AMONGST the group of notable men assembled at the annual dinner of the New England Society, held at Delmonico's, in New York city, on the evening of December 29th ult., was Mr. Henry W. Grady, editor and proprietor of that representative Southern journal, the *Atlanta Constitution*. Mr. Grady was to speak in response to the toast, "The New South." He was the first Southerner to speak at a dinner of the Society since the war. General Sherman and Rev. Dr. Talmage had preceded him with eulogies of the North; and while Mr. Grady's remarks were naturally looked forward to with interest, it could scarcely have been predicted that his speech, upon a subject in a sense hackneyed, and in these tranquil times, would have rung out like a clarion-blast. Yet before half a dozen sentences had left his lips he had fired his audience. His characterization of Abraham Lincoln as the first typical American called forth a storm of cheers; and not less warm was the recognition given to his eloquent and touching picture of the South's heroism in defeat. In short, he swept his audience by storm; and in the moment of intense silence which followed his peroration, it was realized that the Southern orator had spoken words which Americans would not willingly let die. The speech has since been reprinted far and wide, and commented upon, generally with enthusiasm, throughout the entire country.

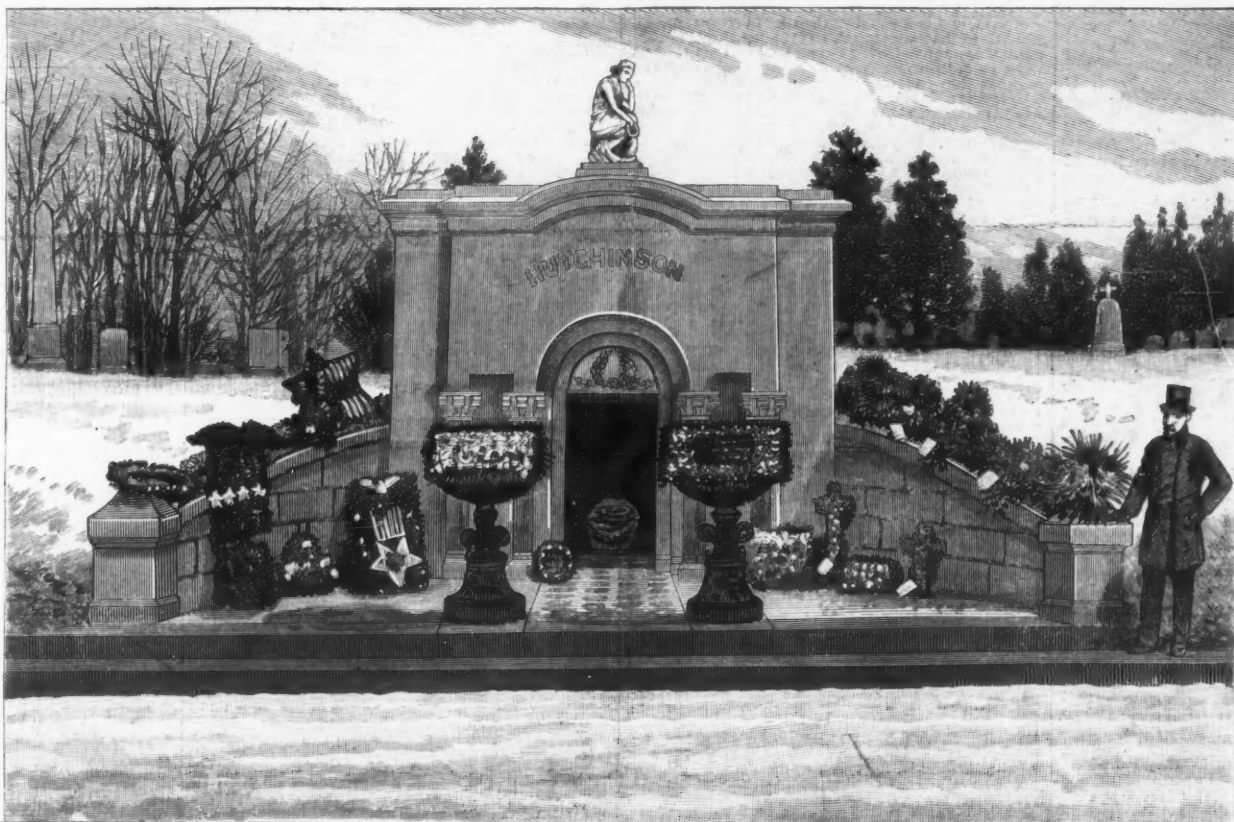
Although well known throughout the South, Mr. Grady is a comparative stranger in the North. He was born in Athens, Ga., thirty-six years ago. "My grandfather was Irish," he recently said, "but my father was American and Southern by birth. He was a Union man in his sympathy, but entered the war on the Southern side, of course, and was killed when I was fourteen."

Mr. Grady received his early education in the town of his birth, graduated from the University of Georgia and then from the University of Virginia. At eighteen he published a series of letters in a Southern paper which made him famous in that section. At nineteen he became the owner of a daily paper in Rome, Ga., and later of a daily paper in Atlanta. The latter publication, however, had a brilliant but brief existence. James Gordon Bennett then appointed him Southern correspondent of the *Herald*, and he held that place for six years, doing notable work there, as in the exposure of the Florida electoral conspiracy, in 1876. Six years ago he bought the *Atlanta Constitution*, paying \$20,000 for a quarter interest, the capital of the concern being \$100,000. To-day the stock is quoted at five dollars for one. Of the personal appearance of Mr. Grady, our portrait, published on this page, will give an excellent idea. He is short and stout, with an erect and muscular frame. His face is round and smooth, his complexion is swarthy, his eyes are a flashing black, his nose and mouth large, and his hair is luxuriant and dark.

Still a young man, Mr. Grady has a great future as a representative of the New South. It is the natural hope of his friends that those powers of mind and of oratory which had found exercise in many a political campaign in Georgia before they captivated the North will ere long find a wider sphere in the United States Senate. Undoubtedly, he would fill acceptably any position to which he might be elevated.



MR. HENRY W. GRADY, EDITOR OF THE ATLANTA "CONSTITUTION," AND THE "COMING MAN" OF THE NEW SOUTH.



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—THE TEMPORARY TOMB OF THE LATE GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, AT CEDAR ROCK CEMETERY. FROM A PHOTO, BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 379.

"THE WOMAN WHO DARED."

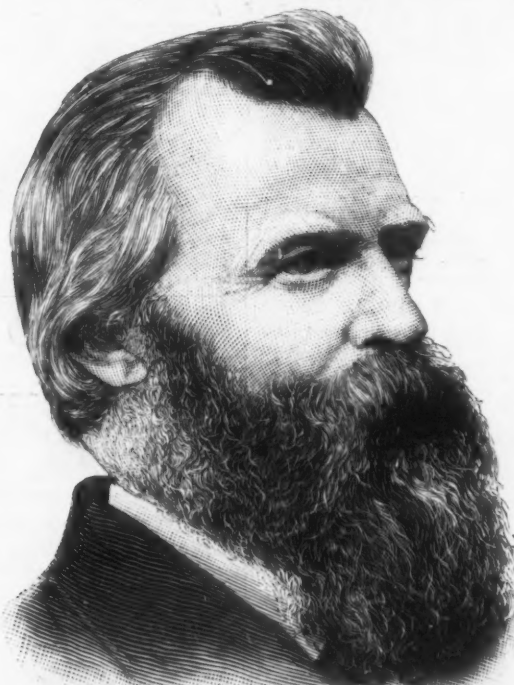
MRS. LUCY S. BARBER, whose portrait we give on this page, is the lady who has become suddenly famous by voting a full ticket at the last State election in New York. She lives and voted at Alfred, Allegany County, in this State—near Alfred University—of which town she is a native. Her parents' name was Sweet. Her husband is a farmer. She was married to him quite young, and is the mother of eleven children, six of whom are living. Four died in infancy, and one was crushed to death while coupling cars. Twenty-five years since she was baptized by Rev. N. V. Hull into the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Alfred, of which she is still a member. She is also a member of the W. C. T. U., a woman of much industry and courage, and of excellent standing in her community. She says that she was led to offer her vote by the circular issued by Mr. Hamilton Willcox, stating that the provisions of law which formerly forbade women to vote in this State have been repealed, declaring it the inspectors' duty to receive the vote of any woman who has the legal qualifications, especially if she take the "voter's oath," and giving the opinion of leading lawyers concurring. She tried on election day to get a number of women to go with her to vote, but those she was able to see, while most of them desired to vote, were unable or too timid to do so. She made up her mind to vote alone if necessary, and presented herself at the polls. Messrs. Isaac M. Langworthy, Albert W. Langworthy and Frank B. Goodwin constituted the Election Board. Her vote was challenged, and she was told that to vote she must be a "male citizen." She replied that this was not now true; that she knew what she was about or would not have presented herself, and wished to take the "voter's oath" provided by law where a vote is challenged. Mr. H. W. Green, a leading citizen, told the Board that it was their duty to receive her vote if she took the oath. The law was then read, and the oath administered to her by the chairman, Isaac M. Langworthy, and her ballots were put in the boxes. She says the men crowded into the poll-room as soon as they saw her go into it, listened very quietly with deep interest, and treated her with entire courtesy. Mr. Goodwin, one of the inspectors, has written a plucky letter, which has been published, saying that in receiving her vote he did his duty, and will do it again. The legality of the action of the inspectors will be formally tested, this week, Mrs. Barber having been arrested on Tuesday of last week and bound over for a hearing on the merits of the case. The "Ladies' Suffrage Committee" celebrated Mrs. Barber's vote at the Hoffman House, New York, December 16th, when Hon. Orlando B. Potter, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Mr. Hamilton Willcox, and others, made speeches, predicting that women will soon vote generally throughout the Empire State.

WOODEN SHOES.

IN the town of Clymer, County of Chautauqua, N. Y., is a large settlement of Hollanders, the older members of which brought from their fatherland the simple manners and industrious habits which have always been characteristic of that race. Nearly without exception they are engaged in general farming and dairying, and to supplement their farm labors they have introduced an industry which is carried on in no other place in



NEW YORK.—MRS. LUCY S. BARBER, "THE WOMAN WHO DARED" TO VOTE. FROM A PHOTO, BY J. SAUNDERS.



NEVADA.—HON. WILLIAM M. STEWART, U. S. SENATOR ELECT. PHOTO, BY HANDY.—SEE PAGE 379.



GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, AS HE APPEARED WHEN "IN THE FIELD."

the Union. This is the making of the wooden shoes or clogs which are so common in Holland, and some other foreign countries. During the coldest days and the long Winter evenings these Hollanders ply their knives and "shavers" almost without cessation. The business is really a monopoly, and of late it has proved very profitable, the demand for the clumsy shoes for decorative purposes not only largely enhancing their value, which the shrewd Dutchmen were quick to see, but increasing the number called for very materially. The woods used are basswood and cumber. Each shoe is bored and cut from a single block. They become so well seasoned that a pair made in the best manner is almost indestructible. The bulk of these shoes is handled by a dealer in Corry, Pa., and a large number are sent direct to the Philadelphia market. It also requires a great many to supply the wants of the colony itself, as the shoes are generally worn by both sexes.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

The United States Senate has passed a Bill granting a pension of \$2,000 a year to the widow of General Logan.

The Massachusetts Supreme Court has decided that when passengers are robbed at night in a sleeping-car, the sleeping-car company is liable for the loss.

Hon. FRANK B. STOCKBRIDGE has been nominated as United States Senator from Michigan to succeed O. D. Conger. In Minnesota, ex-Governor Cushman K. Davis has been elected Senator in place of Mr. McMillan.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations last week reported a Bill incorporating a company with a maximum capital of \$100,000,000, to construct a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, across Nicaragua.

The Indiana Legislature organized last week. In the Senate the Democrats refused to declare the vote for the Lieutenant-governor elect, who is a Republican, hoping to prevent his induction into office; but it is doubtful if the revolutionary scheme will prevent his being seated.

ISAAC SPRAGUE, the "living skeleton," died in Chicago last week. He was born in Bridgeport, Mass., and was quite healthy until his twelfth year, when he caught a cramp while in swimming, fell sick, and lost flesh until he weighed only forty-six pounds. Barnum took him all over the United States, Canada and England. He was married, and the father of three robust children.

FOREIGN.

The statement that an alliance has been formed between Russia and Germany is denied.

The jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign will be celebrated throughout India on February 16th.

The Vatican is debating whether the Knights of Labor of America is a proper organization for Catholics to join.

TSUNG-LI-YAMEN, the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs, has agreed to pay \$25,000 to the American missionaries who suffered losses during the riots at Ching King.

The Bulgarian delegates have expressed their willingness to accept the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the latest candidate proposed for the Bulgarian throne, who, it is rumored, is favored by Russia.

The census of France for 1886 shows a total population of 38,218,903, against 37,672,048 in 1881. The population of Paris has increased only 75,000, against an increase of 280,000 recorded in 1881.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG authorizes the announcement that he is about to make a prolonged tour of Egypt and the East in order to put an end to the rumors that he intends to return to Bulgaria.

Crowds of unemployed workmen made a demonstration against the Local Government Board in London last week. In the vicinity of Trafalgar Square the stores were closed in anticipation of a hostile outbreak, but danger was finally averted.

The German Government has ordered all officers in the reserve to report themselves at headquarters in May. From that date all foreign leaves of absence will be suspended. This step is taken to mean that Prince Bismarck expects a European war to be inaugurated in the Spring.

DÉBUT OF MME. ADELE AIMERY.

The New York debut of Mme. Adele Aimery, the distinguished Italian prima donna, will take place in Steek Hall, on Saturday evening next, the 15th inst. On this interesting occasion, the debutante will sing the jewel song from "Faust," the cavatina from "Norma," and the duet from "Aida," with the Spanish tenor, Professor Emilio Belari. Mme. Emma Roderick, mezzo soprano contralto, Dr. L. A. Daral, elocutionist, Mr. William S. Hine, baritone, and the chorus from the club "La Barattina," will contribute with their well-known talents to the success of the evening. Mme. Aimery has already sung with great success in Milan, Rome, Florence, Bologna, Nice, Barcelona, and other European cities. As yet, she has been heard only in private in this country, and her public appearance next Saturday evening is likely to cause a sensation in artistic circles. Her voice is a dramatic soprano of unusual compass and power, and she is a finished artist of the best Italian school. A handsome figure and face give still further assurance of her success on the lyric stage.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

The desire of all persons seeking investments is, of course, to obtain an absolutely safe security, paying a satisfactory rate of interest at regular and stated periods, in such manner as to be convenient and without trouble to the investor. We believe that the Debenture Bonds and Mortgages advertised in this number by the Equitable Mortgage Company meet this want. They are secured by first mortgage of improved farms for one third their value. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupon at the First National Bank in this city, and therefore may be collected through any bank. They are guaranteed, principal and interest, and may be recommended to all persons who may wish to invest large or small sums.

A SHOEMAKER in Boston advertises "shoes that will never wear out." The man evidently believes in the immortality of the soul.—Beacon.

A Great Offer.

No matter in what part you live, you had better write to HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine, without delay; they will send you free information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. A number have earned over \$50 in a day. Both sexes. All ages. You are started in business free. Capital not needed. Every worker who takes hold at once is absolutely sure of a snug little fortune. Now is the time.

FUN.

PENCILS are sometimes lead, but the pen has to be driven.

Why is time represented by a man? Is it because woman is afraid of the calendar?—Baltimore American.

And then there was trouble. Successful Sultor (joyfully)—"Well, I have won Miss King; she sent me a beautiful plaster cast of her hand, labeled, 'Twins mine.' 'Is yours?' 'Discontinue! Live (sneeringly)—'Well, why didn't she finish the quotation, 'and has been slave to thousands'?"—Chicago Rambler.

LIFE is not worth living if one has chronic rheumatism and can't get SALVATION OIL. Price 35 cts. Cold, piercing winds seldom fail to bring on a cough, cold or hoarseness at this season, and Dr. BULL'S Cough SYRUP should be kept in every house.

SHE was attired in rather an unusual way for the theatre, and a couple of young men observed her. "See that girl's toggery," said one, irreverently. "Well, rawther," replied the other. "What is it? a lawn dress?" "Aw, I don't know, of course; but I should say she was." It washed the other man clear out into the gutter.—Washington Critic.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

WERE INTRODUCED IN 1850.

And from that time their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

FICKLE FORTUNE'S FAVORS.

THE COLORED RACE IN LUCK.

EX-GOV. WARMOTH'S FORMER COACHMAN SECURES ONE-TENTH OF THE CAPITAL PRIZE OF \$50,000 IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

In the recent drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Co., held on the 14th inst., No. 33,174 won the Capital Prize, and part of this ticket, it was announced, had been sold in the City of New Orleans. Next day Mr. Bendernazel, an esteemed local notary public, announced over his signature that he had been paid, "on account of one of his clients," the amount due for one-tenth of the capital prize. There was a find, but it was evident from the tenor of the certificate that the winner did not desire the publication of his name. Was it only a bluff? Here was the rub. But the Pelican is a fly bird, and not easily caught with chaff. It had determined to probe the mystery to the bottom, and it was going to do it. It meant to beat the daisy reporters of the great daily papers, and it has done it. It instituted a still hunt, and after patient search it succeeded. The man who won the \$50,000 lives, exists, and has a being. His name is Daniel Jones. He is a colored man of excellent reputation, and resides on Gasquet Street, and can be seen at his place of business at Theo. Dumas' furniture store, No. 257 Royal Street, where he is at present employed. The Pelican regrets not to have as yet made the acquaintance of a man upon whom Fortune has so deservedly smiled, but it did the next best thing to it by seeing his wife, Mr. Jones not being at home. Mrs. Jones, who was just moving into her new residence, was found to be a comely and intelligent lady of perhaps 35 years of age. She received the Pelican very kindly, and cheerfully furnished all the information in her power. Her husband, who is 57 years of age, had not told her where he purchased his ticket, nor anything about it, until the golden shower poured into their laps so unexpectedly, and just in the nick of time, a mortgage upon their property of \$1,200 having been foreclosed, and they having been in imminent danger of losing it. Her husband was born in Louisville, Ky., but had lived in this city for many years. He had always been a hard-working laboring man, had worked for railroads for many years, and had been employed in the Custom House and United States Mint. He had also been the private coachman of Ex-Governor Warmoth, but Mrs. Jones did not care to have this fact mentioned, as it might hurt their reputation as old and respectable citizens. The Pelican, however, begs pardon of the lady for mentioning the fact, even against her wish, it being fully germane to the subject; and whatever may be the ex-Governor's merits or demerits, there could no disgrace attach to honest labor, even in his employ. Mrs. Jones herself was born and bred in this city, and was a Miss Jones before she married. They had been married for a number of years, and had two children, boys, of 16 and 12 years respectively, who have been attending Straight University.

While grateful to a kind Providence for this bountiful gift, these good and deserving people appear to have in no wise "got above themselves" by the good luck. They have kept right on working, and have not even as yet marked out any plan for the employment of their wealth, except that Mr. Jones has resolved upon a visit to Louisville, where resides his only living relative, a sister, whom he has not seen for twenty years.

It would thus appear that Fortune, although described as blind, has not made a mistake this time, but that her blessings have fallen into the hands of worthy people, who will know how to make a good and sensible use of them.—New Orleans (La.) Pelican, Dec. 25th, 1886.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is known as the great regulator of the digestive organs all over the world. Have it in your house. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India physician the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Foster's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, SCALY and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the hair.

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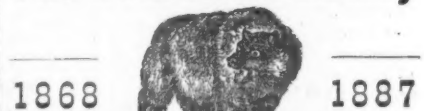
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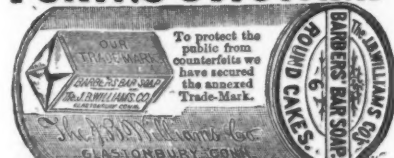
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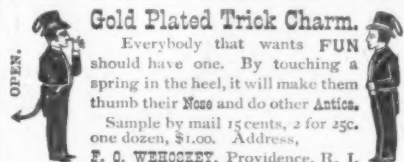
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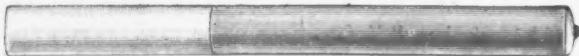


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